The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

The Week.

THE Democrats of Massachusetts were at their best, last week, when they nominated George Fred. Williams for Governor and adopted a platform in favor of the gold standard and calling for the retirement and cancellation of the greenbacks with the substitution of bank-notes in place thereof. It may be fairly said that both parties have put the best foot foremost. Gov. Greenhalge, the Republican nominee, is a man of the same type as Mr. Williams. He has won golden opinions in the office he now holds, and Mr. Williams himself took occasion not long since to speak of his prospective rival for the governorship in terms of high compliment. It is altogether probable that Gov. Greenhalge will be reëlected, since Massachusetts is a Republican state except when the Republicans are dissatisfied with their own leaders. The only breach in their ranks at present proceeds from the A. P. A. faction, Gov. Greenhalge not being up to its standard of fanaticism and proscription against Roman Catholics. This is much to his credit, and will probably gain for him as many votes as it will lose. Whatever may be the result of the election, there is no humiliation in store for either of the leaders or for either political party. It is almost an ideal campaign that is in prospect, and it seems a pity that both candidates for Governor cannot be elected.

The platform of the Democrats is almost identical, as regards the money question, with that adopted by the same party in New York a few days ago. It says:

"We demand the maintenance of the existing gold standard of value, and that the government shall keep all its obligations at all times redeemable in gold. We oppose the free coinage of silver and any further purchase of silver bullion on government account.

"We reaffirm the demands of our platform of last year that the government shall not carry on a banking business, that the untaxed notes of State or national banks shall be the only credit currency, and that the government shall, with the development of a banking system adequate to the demands of trade, retire as rapidly as possible all United States paper money. We recommend that the administration formulate and present to the next Congress a measure calculated to secure these results."

The demand that the government shall go out of the banking business, and that the untaxed notes of State or national banks shall be the only credit currency, the greenbacks and Treasury notes being retired as rapidly as possible, is assuredly the next great question in national politics. There will be an attempt, of course, to keep the tariff issue alive as a stalking-horse for candidates who have never looked into any public question except that and the various issues growing out of the war. But every day that passes casts the tariff more and more into the shade. On the other hand, each day makes the currency question an object of greater interest. The country has been considerably stirred by the action of the Syracuse convention of Democrats the other day, and will be still more so by that of the same party in Massachusetts.

The Republicans of Massachusetts are to be congratulated on their platform as well as their candidate. Their observations on the tariff are especially commendable. They first condemn the present Democratic tariff in unsparing terms, and justify themselves in doing so by the scathing denunciations which the Democrats themselves visited upon it. Here they are on safe ground. When they come to tell how they would change it they say:

"We are not pledged to any schedules. We only pledge to each American industry such protection as shall equalize differences of the price of labor, and to that the farmer and the miner are as much entitled as the manufacturer and the artisan. In determining that we are not bound by precedents and theories, we are governed by the teachings of experience, and are as ready to learn from the experiments of our adversaries as of ourselves, from failure as well as from success."

This is also safe ground, but, we fear, will not be considered so by the wool-growing triumvirate of Ohio. It means, evidently, that if the experiment of free wool, which our adversaries have put in operation, works well, we will bow to it and profit by it. The world moves, and we move with it. All attempts to start a tariff agitation in Congress this winter will be discountenanced by the Bay State, and it may turn out that before the Republicans come into power the experiment of free wool will be pronounced a charming success. At all events we shall not be over-hasty in passing final judgment on a question which, from its very nature, requires careful statistical treatment and the calmest deliberation. To Judge Lawrence, the leading triumvir of Ohio, deliberation is simply poison. Waiting is like asking a man to hold his breath till you can make an interesting experiment on the properties of ozone. We shall expect an outburst from that quarter soon, but none the less do we consider the Massachusetts platform a wise and temperate deliverance. On the Hawaiian question, where we looked for something decisive, we find not a syllable, direct or indirect.

At the opening of 1895 the total money holdings of New York city banks were $172,591,700, or 31½ per cent. of liabilities. At the opening of June total holdings were $182,778, 600—this despite the heavy payments against the February bond issue. Call-money rates were meantime all but nominal at 1 per cent., and interior funds, unavailable in the hands of their own institutions, were flowing to New York at the rate of two to four millions weekly. It is not at all remarkable, under such conditions, that withdrawal of idle foreign capital and consequent gold exports should have again grown active. With July, however, the harvest movement of currency began, and was soon reflected in decrease of the New York bank reserves. The $35,000,000 gold exports since June have partly relieved the market, but in addition nearly $16,000,000 currency has already been shipped West and South, to meet the needs of an active harvest and of reviving trade. As a result, notwithstanding the currency receipts of July and August, the cash reserves of the New York banks last week reached $151,496,400, a decrease since June of $31,000,000. A few weeks more of heavy interior remittances will certainly contract the local supply of money, raise the discount rate, give employment to idle foreign deposits, and hence depress exchange and stop the specie shipments. That the relief is temporary, however, so long as Congress refuses either to regulate the currency or to provide sufficient revenue, even the experience of 1891 sufficiently demonstrated. Only six months after that exceptional period of trade activity, gold was again expelled in unprecedented quantity, and the Treasury approached its crisis.

The *Journal of Commerce*, through its Washington correspondence, furnishes some advance estimates from the Mint Bureau of the world's gold production for 1895. The showing is quite as remarkable as that of the previous year. The summing up of 1894 showed a production in round figures of $180,000,000, an increase of $23,000,000 over 1893. This yield was about $30,000,000 greater than the product of any year when the placer mines of California and Australia were at their maximum. The indications now point to a yield of $200,000,000 for the calendar year 1895, another increase of $20,000,000, and an increase of $43,000,000 in the annual output in two years, and of $54,000,000 in three years. As the annual supply of gold is not used up in the year, but is added to the preëxisting sum, it follows that the world's stock has been increased in the three years named by the enormous sum of $537,000,000. And this unprecedented output has taken place at a time when the public ear was filled with the most dismal predictions of a "gold famine" by the silverites of this country and of Europe.

The prevailing low rates of interest have had one rather curious effect in Eng-

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land. The report of the British Postmaster-General directs attention to the unprecedented increase in the amount of deposits in the post-office banks. The increase in 1894 was over 40 millions of dollars, double that of 1893, which in its turn was the largest year on record. In the course of last year 35,874 persons deposited £50 each, the maximum annual limit in one sum. The post-office allows 2½ per cent. interest, and invests the money in government stocks at the present high prices. When normal interest rates become again common, it is likely that the greater part of these large individual deposits will be withdrawn, when the government will be compelled to sell its purchased stocks to provide the necessary cash—probably at lower prices. The government thus stands to lose by reason of affording to persons with some little capital a safe investment at a fair return during a time of business depression.

An interesting table has been compiled showing the saving effected to the city by the failure of various departments to fill offices when their heads found that they could not, under the civil-service regulations, fill them with their own men. They have actually for this reason dispensed with services worth in salaries over $17,000 a year. This is an illustration of the tendency to overman the service which exists everywhere in order to oblige dependents, hangers-on, and political followers. If one of these dependents comes to the top in the examinations, well and good; he gets the place. If he does not, it remains unfilled. Every appointing officer of course naturally desires to surround himself with men of his own choosing, and if he worked *in vacuo* he certainly ought to be allowed to do so, as private employers are. The competitive system is meant to protect him against the temptation of his own position, which is really that of a man carrying on business with other people's money, under no liability for losses, and under strong pressure to squander it. The public, therefore, says to him that it knows his weakness, and knows what kind of pressure is put on him, and enables him to bear it by means of rules.

In Chancellor McGill's remarks the other day, when accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Jersey, he boldly came out in favor of laws (not named) to make the State and all its citizens prosperous and contented. This seems to have furnished an opening to his Republican opponent, Mr. Griggs, who two days later, in a speech at Hoboken, declared that New Jersey, like all the States of the Union, was "suffering from too much legislation." He said it would be his aim, if elected Governor, to "restrict the constant tinkering of the laws, and to allow the people to live without too much paternal government." This is a wholesome sentiment, and we believe it is a popular sentiment. The terror with which citizens now watch the assembling of their chosen representatives to make laws for the commonwealth is one of the things which would greatly perplex an open-eyed visitor from Jupiter, sent here to study our political institutions. That any good thing can come out of the Nazareth of a State Legislature, except under compulsion and through popular uprisings, has ceased to be believed by large bodies of voters. They view with deep alarm the promises of demagogues to cure all ills by law, and are ready, we doubt not, in constantly increasing numbers, to champion any man or system that will give them fewer Legislatures, sessions, laws, and elections, and consequently fewer nightmares.

South Carolina may be weak in the matter of just treatment of the blacks, and tender towards white rascals who carry elections by fraud, but it is firm as a rock in defence of the sanctity of the marriage relation. From the earliest times public sentiment in that State has looked upon the idea of divorce with abhorrence, and except for the brief period of reconstruction rule the courts have never enjoyed any power to dissolve a marriage. The convention now sitting at Columbia has decided to maintain the ancient rigor unimpaired, adopting a clause for the new Constitution which expressly provides that "no divorce shall be granted in South Carolina for any cause whatsoever"; while the sentiment was clearly expressed that the State will not recognize divorces granted in other States, except in so far as she is compelled by the Constitution of the United States. Tillman was ready to let down the bars so far as to permit the granting of divorces under certain circumstances, and he also offered an amendment providing for the recognition of divorces granted in other States, but this proposition was defeated by an almost two-to-one vote, and the boss of the State found that even his power was not great enough to overcome a sentiment that has generations of tradition behind it.

An election was held in the Tenth Congressional District of Georgia, October 2, which is noteworthy as the first that ever took place in the State under a registration law. The greatest laxity has always prevailed as to the making up of the roll of voters, and opportunity was thereby afforded for gross frauds. Charges of such frauds have long been made, and especially by the Populists against the Democrats, since many whites went into the third party. Gross cheating was apparently proved in the regular election for Congressman in the Tenth District last fall, when Black, Democrat, was returned as having polled 20,903 votes to 13,530 for Watson, Populist. Black himself seems to have been convinced of the frauds, for he refused to accept his election, and proposed another appeal to the people. Meanwhile a new law had gone into effect which makes registration a prerequisite to voting. With characteristic inconsistency, the Populists, having secured legal protection of the suffrage, denounced the law as soon as they found that they would probably be beaten under it, and Watson himself advised his followers to pay no attention to it, but to vote anyhow. This fresh manifestation of Populistic tendencies naturally injured Watson's cause, and he was defeated by nearly 2,000 majority in a fair election. The most striking feature of the Democratic canvass was the open bidding for the colored vote.

In an article in the *New World*, Mr. Edward Atkinson enforces anew the idea that the way to improve the condition of the poor, especially in the congested quarters of the large cities, is to teach them how to use the money they actually earn. By way of illustration he tells of a visit that he made, not long since, to one of the boarding-houses in the dirtiest quarter of Boston, thus:

> "The house belonged to the good Irish woman who kept it and who was making an effort to clean some part of the furniture. One of the inmates was reclining in a comatose condition on the steps. He had dropped his savings-bank book, and it proved that he had to his credit about four hundred dollars; other boarders were earning a sufficient sum to enable them to live in one of the unfashionable parts of the Back Bay, and to enjoy full nutrition of a varied kind if they had so chosen. An instance has come to my knowledge of an effort to supply working people with comfortable cottages, each containing a bath-room and bath-tub. In one case the bath-tub was used to pack the winter pork in, the family having come from Canada, where this had been the practice; another was used as a receptacle for ashes, both cases being only examples of other uses than bathing to which the bath-rooms were put."

There was a great outcry against the Pullman Company last year because of the restrictions they put upon the tenants of their buildings, which were said to be tyrannical in the extreme. It turned out that they were mainly restrictions against dirt and nuisances, such as prohibitions against the keeping of pigs, geese, and chickens, or the use of the rooms for other purposes than those for which they were designed, or against subletting and overcrowding. In short, they were regulations to promote the health and comfort of the tenants themselves; but the free American does not like to have his health and comfort promoted in ways that he has not chosen for himself.

The announcement that Yale has a smaller freshman class this fall than last, while Harvard has a larger, undoubtedly surprises the public. For years we have been assured that athletic preëminence was the most potent factor in attracting students to a university, and Yale's superiority to Harvard in this branch of the curriculum was never more pronounced than during the past year,

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What does it mean, then, that the entering class at New Haven shows a loss, while there is a marked gain at Cambridge? Can it be that the athletic craze is dying out, and that Harvard is profiting by the fact that her faculty have been the first to put restrictions upon the old license in sports?

Cuban sympathizers who are calling for the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents will do well to remember that our Government made it a ground of bitter complaint against Great Britain that she accorded belligerent rights to the Confederacy, when it had an organized government, an immense territory, three or four ports, and an army of 200,000 men in the field. The Cuban insurgents have no government, no flag, no territory, and no army beyond some guerilla bands, no ports, no revenue, and no organs of communication with the outer world. This complaint against Great Britain was maintained to the end of the *Alabama* controversy, and was produced in aggravation of damages at the final settlement. It would probably have been well for us to accept the British contention, that belligerency was a fact, and not an opinion. There was nothing necessarily unfriendly in according it, but we did not accept that view. We said that to accord belligerency, even to such a power as the Confederacy, one minute sooner than was absolutely necessary for the protection of neutral rights, was a hostile move, and deserved resentment. There is not the smallest likelihood that the Cuban insurgents will entitle themselves to our recognition under our own rules, unless they succeed in taking and holding some of the leading Cuban ports, and thus establishing relations with the outer world. Nothing short of this would enable us to treat them as belligerents. But when they do this, the war will be virtually over and their independence achieved. Most of the talk of our sympathizers about the matter—such as the Chicago proposal to repeal international law—sounds like the merry chatter of school-children, of whom some of our agitators so often remind us and the rest of the world. In fact, our foreign politics often seems the concern chiefly of the kindergartens of our country and to be ruled by that love of abstract justice which burns in nearly all ten-year-old breasts.

No more amusing reading has appeared in the American press for a good while than the extracts published in the *Tribune* last week from other papers lamenting that we are to have no hand in the threatened fight between Great Britain and China. It does not appear that our missionaries have exceptionally suffered in the late massacres, or that we have any more complaint to make of Chinese outrages and inhospitality than the Chinese have to make of ours, or that Great Britain is not abundantly able to chastise China for her offences against her. Nevertheless, the whole Jingo press is wailing over our non-participation in the approaching fight, and loading the President with abuse for not sending our ships to share in it. The reason of this is, that nobody in the country is so hostile to Europe, or hates more the people who "go to Europe," or dreads more the introduction of European ideas, or goods, or books, than your genuine Jingo, or "intense American." But he has nevertheless imported and hugs to his bosom the one European idea which is most un-American, which is most hostile to our civilization and most likely to injure our government. This is, the idea that fighting is the highest and noblest occupation in which a nation can engage; that there is something degrading and humiliating in keeping out of a free fight, or in not being ready to fight, or in letting a chance of a fight slip by. This idea is crushing the European populations to the earth. It is threatening the existing social organization through the great armaments, and is keeping alive in every country the mediæval respect for brute force. When the United States Government was established, it was supposed we had escaped it. But the Jingo sect is really acting as missionaries for it. Unless we are "licking" or threatening somebody, or subjugating somebody, or have a few "keys" or a canal or two to fight somebody about, they writhe on their beds in patriotic agony.

The Duke of Devonshire seems to have mainly employed himself since the prorogation of Parliament in going about the country sticking knives into the famous "social programme" of the Tories, and, incidentally, into some of his esteemed colleagues in the Government. In his speech at Derby, as President of the Poor Law Conference, he graciously admitted that "we are not absolved from the duty of seeing whether it is not possible by state assistance to create such a system of state-aided insurance as many of us desire to see," but could not blind himself to the certainty that nothing of the sort was possible "for a long time to come." Mr. Chamberlain knows into whose vitals that blade was thrust. But the Duke's speech on agricultural depression was itself more depressing than anything the British farmer has had to encounter. He frankly told that much-cultivated voter that nothing whatever was to be expected from legislation, but that farming in England must be made to pay, if at all, by hard work, economy, and enterprise. No wonder that the cry is going up from rural England, "We are betrayed!" The wicked Radicals could not have played Hodge a scurvier trick. The situation lends point to a satirical letter in the *Daily News* loudly denouncing the Ministry for shamelessly going off to Continental watering-places and Scotch links, when by simply forcing a bill through Parliament they could put thousands of idle men at work, and bring back the glories of English agriculture. At least, they said they could before the election.

Religious education in public schools, how to get it, and how to guard and limit it, is a leading part of the school question so much discussed in England just now. The great aim is somehow to unite the board schools, the Church of England and Catholic and other voluntary schools, into one great national system. But there are two serious obstacles in the way. One is the expense. If all the voluntary schools are to be thrown on the state, if the proportion of the expenses of the board schools now paid by parents—about one-fifth—is also to be laid upon the public funds, what is a badgered and desperate Chancellor of the Exchequer to do? He is already at his wit's end, what with demands on him for national defence and colonial expansion. In fact, Lord Salisbury some time ago, when in Opposition, warned the advocates of school consolidation that it would not do for them to make a raid on the national exchequer. Now that he is in power will he cry, hang the expense? Probably not, with so many other more agreeable and glorious ways of spending money.

But there would remain, in any case, the enormous difficulty of devising a system of religious teaching that would satisfy Churchmen, Catholics, and Nonconformists, not to speak of Unitarians, Jews, Agnostics, and Theosophists. Of course there might be, as there is now, a "conscience clause," under which the religious part of the school exercises could be omitted by any children whose parents might so desire. But that would not do away with the evil, under which Catholics and Churchmen now groan, of ratepayers being taxed to support schools which they disapprove. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, speaking for the Nonconformists, has said that he would agree to a system of national schools "free from denominational bias," in which only "historical Christianity" should be taught. But denominational bias is exactly what Catholics and Churchmen want, the more of it the better. And as for historical Christianity, the question at once arises, whose? There is an historical Christianity which it would be as absurd to teach as it would historical chemistry, while, of course, each sect is prepared to maintain that its own crotchets are precisely what the Apostles held and taught. All told, the likelihood of a satisfactory settlement seems remote. Dr. Martineau shows his great liberality, at the same time that he indicates the almost insoluble nature of the problem, when he says that while "holding fast the protection for the undogmatic conscience, we should add an equal provision for the dogmatic conscience."

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THE NEW YORK CITY CANVASS.

Now that the struggle of rival interests is over and the nominations are made, it is worth while considering the suggestions we in this city get from the events of the last three weeks. The first thing which strikes even the most careless observer in looking back, is the extreme oddity of the whole process as a means of filling high State and municipal offices. The traveller from Mars, for instance, would never suppose that he was looking on at the efforts of a business community to provide itself with fit and proper governmental machinery. In the first place, the public was represented in it only by the Committee of Fifty, a volunteer organization created only two or three days before the nominations. The sole business of this committee was to prevent the nomination of unfit men, and in order to do it it had to engage in long and intricate negotiations, very much like those which people have sometimes to carry on for the recovery of stolen property or the ransom of a relative carried off by brigands in Greece or Macedonia. That is to say, the object of the "Organizations" was to get in as many bad men as possible, and that of the Fifty to keep down their number. The bargaining was all about the amount of the ransom or of the reward.

That this is not an exaggerated picture we think we may fairly conclude from the fact that there never has been on the part of the Organizations any public discussion whatever of the fitness of their candidates for the places they were intended to fill. We do not know, of course, what happened in the private caucuses, but after having followed pretty closely the public utterances of their spokesmen, we are unable to recall a single attempt to commend any candidate to the voters or to the Fifty on the ground that he would serve the public faithfully and efficiently. The one argument used in his favor was that he was "our man," or "we were entitled to the place," or anyhow that "we would not support the ticket unless we got it" (*i. e.*, would kill the prisoner unless the ransom was paid on a certain day). The consequences to the city or State of not supporting the ticket were never, so far as our observation has gone, even alluded to. It was simply a threat intended to make the other fellows pay up.

The resemblance of all the Organizations to Tammany in all this is easily seen. Their relation to the city is exactly the same as Tammany's. Tammany is an association for the distribution of offices among people who help to win elections, without regard to fitness or character. So are all the others. The public interest plays no part in the councils of any of them. They differ from Tammany simply in being composed of men of rather better character, and in distributing the offices among men of a slightly better grade. But the operations of both have exactly the same effect in concealing from the voters, especially the more ignorant and foreign-born ones, the real object of the elections and the importance of the public interest.

Thanks in the main to the Committee of Fifty, good nominations, on the whole, have been secured, but with more or less difficulty. The ransom has been cut down to a comparatively low figure, and the unfortunate captive is on the way home to his friends. The fact that two improvised committees have been able to accomplish this result in two successive years seems to us full of promise. All previous efforts at reform in New York, as well as we can at present remember, have lasted only one year. This year it has been possible to repeat the process which was so successful last year. Now, we look on this as an educational agency of the highest value, and we are confident that it will be repeated every year, until we have created a genuine municipal party strong enough to meet the Organizations in a fair trial of strength in the open field. It very much resembles the gradual emancipation of the burghs in the Middle Ages from the rule of feudal lords. At first they had to beg for charters; then they had to negotiate and pay in order to keep them, but finally they went out sword in hand, smote the barons hip and thigh, and had no further trouble. The steady reappearance each year of a body of representative men, with no axes to grind, and speaking for the public alone, and successfully parleying with the party spoilers, is to the masses a practical illustration of the nature of the non-partisan idea and of the real and proper object of elections. To the average poor and ignorant man in this city, this object has seemed, for a whole generation at least, to be purely the provision of salaries for the men who worked at the polls on the winning side. Consequently there has been to him nothing extraordinary in the condition of things in the Register's office, for instance, as revealed by the report of the Commissioners of Accounts. It has not seemed unnatural to him that all these liquor-dealers, butchers, janitors, feedmen, undertakers, pugilists, and cattlemen should be employed in copying old records and keeping the archives of a great commercial community. The idea that offices exist for the public service had indeed almost perished among the mass of New Yorkers, when the Committee of Seventy sought to revive it last year. And it must be remembered that all so-called Organizations, and not Tammany only, have a tendency to keep this idea in the background or in some way to shut the voters' eyes to it.

Each canvass should now be made the means of resuscitating and cherishing it through such organizations as the Fifty and the Good Government clubs. We cannot get any new idea into the heads of 300,000 people all at once. The process must necessarily be slow, but if the operation of this year be steadily repeated each year, the result is certain. The committee which represents the public will every year grow stronger, the Organizations weaker. Besides educating the masses, we shall do something to rid the heads of young men of education of the idea that there is something awfully 'cute and practical and worldly wise in belonging to and running Organizations, to get offices for "our men," and in imposing on the public in high places the riff-raff of our politics and business, people who cannot in a land of industry make a living in any business calling. We have to teach them that this is a dirty and dishonest business, in which self-respecting men ought not to engage; that the first allegiance of every inhabitant of a city is due to the city; that he owes it to his neighbors and friends, and the community which protects them, to provide it with the best government in his power; and to the land of his birth to give it officials over whom patriots will not hang their heads for shame. Any man who, having contributed in ever so slight a degree to make our Record Office what we learn that it is, still calls himself "a patriot," is a supremely ridiculous person.

SYMPATHY FOR CUBA.

GROTESQUE as have been many of the resolutions in favor of Cuban independence, adopted variously in this country at club, caucus, or convention, those passed last week at the South Carolina Constitutional Convention easily lead all the rest in fantastic inconsistency. The main object and aim of this convention has been and is, directly or indirectly, to disfranchise the negro. Its ablest powers of double intention and skill in sailing close to the letter of the federal Constitution have been and are employed in compassing the legal rule of the minority over the majority, because the majority is black. Yet, with this tyrannous purpose unconcealed, the convention paused long enough in its work of plotting, to adopt, in a kind of tearful hush, resolutions in favor of the speedy independence of Cuba. Did the ardent South Carolinians know that more than half the population of Cuba is negro? Did they know that at least three-fifths of the insurgent bands, for whose success they so devoutly pray, are of negro blood? Probably they neither knew nor cared. They were too busy scheming to put the negroes of South Carolina under their footstool to reflect how a pious wish for negro supremacy in Cuba would strike a sceptical public.

But they are not alone, they are simply first, in such absurdity. For weeks past politicians and popularity-seekers in the United States have been disguising, or attempting to disguise, their assaults on the liberty, safety, and dignity of their own cities and States by effusive deliver-

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ances in behalf of Cuban freedom. In Chicago rival Republican factions fell upon each other with more than the fury of Guelph and Ghibelline. The wounded and the dying had to be carried out of the fray, but the contending bandits were perfectly ready to declare a truce long enough to pass patriotic resolutions in aid of struggling Cuba. At the New York State conventions of both parties, where every effort was made to fool and cheat and betray the people of this commonwealth on the only issue up for decision, the tricksters dropped their work of chicane to lift up a prayer for oppressed Cuba. In this city, when Platt and anti-Platt were struggling in convention for the possession of the Republican machine, for the better degradation and spoliation of the municipality, and when the police reserves were called out to suppress the rioting, the din of the fierce contest suddenly died away as the familiar Cuban resolution was introduced. By all means let Cuba be free, though the fetters of boss, heeler, and gang be but the more securely riveted on America.

It should be said, in fairness, that this is not all trickery and hypocrisy. A good part of it springs from sheer ignorance and stupidity. The ignorance of these patriotic resolvers about Cuba is, of course, something vast and inconceivable —but we do not mean that. What they are most profoundly ignorant and stupid about is their own business. They are (if we charitably take their own account of themselves) the men who are to do our governing for us in this country. They are to furnish the policy, and the power to execute it, for our States and cities. But to devise such a policy, even to hint at it in words which shall not be too obviously ridiculous, requires some knowledge, requires some thought. But where, in their conventions, will one find skull-room for such thought? The heads one encounters there would ache at the very idea of getting up a comprehensive plan of city improvements—of bringing New York within hailing distance of the great cities of Europe in the matter of streets and docks and public charities. So of any rational policy of State administration. It is not in them. Dodging all such brain-racking subjects, they follow the line of least resistance in coming out strong for the inalienable rights of man, liberty and independence, and down with all tyrants.

But their sympathy for Cuba is not wholly an artful dodge. In it there lurks also a dim desire to do something popular. They are vaguely aware that they cut a pretty poor figure in their ravening over the spoils, and think to dignify themselves a little and ingratiate themselves with a suspicious public by expressing an unselfish interest in men who they suppose are heroic, even if they are not so themselves. But this use of Cuba for purposes of popularity is as futile as its use as a dodge. The time has gone by when a public man can be popular because his heart is true to the oppressed of all nations, unless he has some concern for the oppressed of this nation. One road, and one road only, to popularity is now open in this country. It is the road by which public servants march victoriously to good administration. Cities are to be rescued from waste and misrule. The public service of State and nation is to be made to approximate private service in point of skill and fidelity. The men who can show the people how to do this, and do it, are the men who will be popular. But they will have to be born administrators, men of war from their youth, masters of detail, persistent, indomitable. The Boys are quite right in thinking they can never win popularity in this way. Let them stick to their Cuban resolutions. But let them not think that their resolutions will make them either popular or much longer tolerable.

Lord Palmerston once told the House of Commons that the British cavalry would be an ideal body if the men only knew how to ride horseback. So would our party organizations be models of usefulness if they would but do what they profess their one aim is to do. This is to furnish good government, not to free Cuba. When they shamelessly abandon the former and set about the latter, by way of resolution, they are like nothing so much as a gorgeously apparelled trooper, armed to the teeth, but going over the head of his horse at the first charge. Their obituary will be like that of the Georgia desperado, of whom the charitable editor said that, whatever shortcomings might be laid to his charge in his dealings with his fellows, it could not be denied that he had always been kind to animals.

"*SOME PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.*"

An article under the above heading appears in the last number of the *North American Review* from the pen of Dean Farrar of Canterbury, which will add to the regret with which most intelligent students of human affairs have watched the part the clergy have taken in the economical and sociological discussions of the last twenty years. We should be sorry to say they had all worked mischief, for a good many have kept their heads, and the great majority have performed the best service most men can render to their fellow-men by active, diligent work in the field in which Providence has placed them. But by far the larger part of the talk of the talking ones about poverty and labor has simply promoted strife and irrationality, and thereby lowered the importance of character in the eyes of the ignorant and less thoughtful portion of the community. Nothing does more mischief at this crisis than the suggestion to the poor that the world is going down hill, and that the well-to-do are responsible for it. The continual reproduction of this thesis in vague and somewhat wordy rhetoric is one of the most unsettling agencies of the day, and renders the solution of nearly all the pressing and soluble economical problems more and more difficult.

Dean Farrar's first "problem" is the growth of large fortunes and the collocation of wealth and poverty in the large cities. His account of the matter would leave on the mind of any ignorant man the impression that it was the riches which produced the poverty, and the happiness of the prosperous which begot the misery of the paupers. The truth is that the connection between them is almost wholly topographical. The presence of large masses of poverty in cities is largely due to the flocking into the towns of the vicious, the lazy, the unfortunate, and the incompetent. They come there to seek their fortunes, and are soon the victims of their own mistake. The industrious and prosperous do not encourage or invite them, and could not keep them out of the cities if they would. The Dean also suggests that somebody is to blame for this rapid growth of the large cities, and quotes Heinrich Heine, James Russell Lowell, and Huxley, Lord Rosebery and Chauncey Depew in support of the thesis that there are far more people in cities than there ought to be. But what is the remedy? If he does not propose to fix the population of cities by law, what does he mean by calling the size of cities a "problem"? If he does, who is to decide when a city has enough inhabitants?

He expresses, too, great "anxiety" about "the unparalleled growth of population." But he does not say how population is to be kept down. He predicts "hurricanes of disturbance" in trade, which will throw vast numbers of people out of employment if the "unfit" do not stop increasing, and declares that "very dark days may be within measurable distance of our present conditions of society." But how are the unfit to be kept from increasing? Are the well-to-do responsible for the size of shiftless men's families? But the worst passage in the essay is this:

> "Yet though the actual laborers are ever being multiplied, 'the fund available for them becomes a constantly decreasing factor of the national wealth,' and while the rich are growing richer, the great masses of the poor are growing relatively poorer."

Nothing has done more to turn the thoughts of the poor away from honest industry and fill their hearts with bitterness than the repetition of this assertion, which in the mouth of Debs or Sovereign we should call wicked nonsense, but which in the mouth of a Dean we suppose we must treat more respectfully. Any one who wrote on this theme with knowledge would know that wages had greatly risen in all branches of industry throughout the civilized world during the last quarter of a century, and that not only

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have wages risen, but the necessaries and comforts of life have fallen, so that the working classes are on the whole better fed, lodged, clothed, and taught, enjoy more freedom and in all ways a larger and happier life than at any previous period of the Christian era. What is declining is not "the fund available for the laborer," but the capitalist's share of production. This great falling off in the inducement to save, otherwise known as the lowering of the rate of interest, is in fact one of the most serious phenomena of the industrial world to-day.

What is nearly as bad is the suggestion, which runs through nearly all jeremiads like Dean Farrar's, that the rich spend all their money in senseless and selfish luxuries, so that the poor get no benefit from accumulated wealth. A very small amount of reflection ought to show any man who thinks about these things at all, that in our day all large fortunes have to be invested in something in order to produce income; that no invested fortune can yield income unless it employs labor; and that the proportion of a large fortune which even the most selfish and luxurious man can spend on himself in a year is necessarily extremely small compared with what goes out in wages and in the plant used for the employment of labor.

The Dean's fears about various other hobgoblins, cyclones, hurricanes, and cataclysms, will hardly repay discussion. In truth, they hardly need discussion in view of the fact, with which every middle-aged man is familiar, that the advance of the world during the last fifty years in everything which makes for human happiness and comfort has been enormous. In the article alone of security from violence, oppression, or injustice, this advance has surpassed the wildest dreams of all past ages. In fact, at no period in the history of mankind have the masses of the people enjoyed so large a share in the benefits of a very high civilization; and the improvement continues, in spite of the demagogues and utopists, who are now the greatest hindrances to human progress. Character, thanks to them, is having just now the greatest struggle it has ever had for its proper share in moulding the destinies of the race. Frantic efforts are being made, too many of them clerical, to persuade the masses that lack of forethought, temperance, industry, and fidelity can be supplied by legislation, and that the failures of the world have a right to live on the virtuous and happy. The result has been much heartburning and delusion, but "this too will pass." The fittest will survive, and their morality is sure in the long run to rule the world.

Dean Farrar's final remedy for the woes he describes, which comes in at the end, is "true religion." What this means he does not distinctly explain. But we suppose, when produced in a semi-economical article, it must mean something concrete and palpable, such as an immense turning to the church on the part of the masses. Dr. Strong some years ago published a book somewhat like the Dean's article, giving a very depressing picture of the moral and social condition of "Our Country." Turning over to the end for the remedy, we found it to consist in greater activity on the part of the home-missionary societies. Now we are not the least disposed to make light of the value of religion as help or consolation to individuals when sorely tried by the problems of their own lives. But to those who know the small share which organized religion has had, in five centuries, in solving economical and social problems, in improving the condition of the poor, or establishing healthier relations between classes, there is a certain mockery in inviting the masses to go to church if they wish to see population kept down, cities well governed, and the rich made to spend their money properly — and the masses feel it.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

JUDGING from the Cranborne-Balfour correspondence, the coalition Government is about to do more at one stroke for Liberal reorganization than could be accomplished by a score of conferences at the National Liberal Club, or by the most effective overhauling of the National Liberal Federation. It is going to reopen the compromise in regard to national education which was come to in 1870. By so doing it will at once raise a standard around which the now demoralized forces of Liberalism may gather. At present the Liberals are divided as to leadership, and are practically without a programme. As soon, however, as the education question is brought within the field of parliamentary discussion, the Liberals will settle among themselves who is to lead, and will begin to draw back to their ranks some of the numerous stragglers whose desertion helped to bring about the catastrophe of July.

With home rule for the present out of the way, there is no question of English domestic politics which arouses a livelier interest than that of state aid to denominational schools. It is the question which, more than any other, keeps alive the feeling of the old school of Nonconformists against the Established Church. Nonconformists of this school still feel that they were unfairly treated when, in 1870, Mr. Gladstone and the late Mr. Forster set up the compromise in the elementary-education system which gave so much to the Established Church. The church is the only body which, in the long run, really gained by the compromise. As a result of it, that body now handles more than three millions sterling a year from the imperial treasury, with little public control. There is no local representative control of the church day-schools, and the only imperial control is that which is exercised through the occasional visits of the inspectors from the Education Department, and the general oversight which is given by that department to all public elementary schools, whether in the hands of school boards or in those of local committees appointed exclusively by the Church of England parsons. This sum of three million pounds, however, does not meet the needs of the Church of England in connection with its 15,000 schools. Parliament never intended that it should. It was given the church in 1870, and by subsequent legislation, on the understanding that Churchmen would raise among themselves a certain quota (roughly speaking about one-sixth) of the total cost of maintaining their schools.

For several years past Churchmen have been complaining of the hardship of raising this money. They would not surrender their schools to the school boards, because that would involve a giving up of the right of doctrinal teaching which the church schools now possess. As they will not make this surrender, and as they are unable to raise the money called for by the compromise of 1870, Churchmen are now pressing the Salisbury Government to provide the entire cost of the church schools from the imperial exchequer, and still leave Churchmen in undisputed control of the management of the schools. At first the Churchmen conceived the idea that they could obtain what they wanted from local taxation, in the same way as the school boards, and it was only when they realized that any connection with local-taxation funds would involve local representative control, that they devised the plan of making a new and bold claim on Imperial funds. Any concession to this claim means an inroad on the school-board system, and already the Nonconformists and the advocates of an unsectarian school system are putting themselves in opposition to this new demand. The agitation is the most striking feature in English politics since the election.

If the Government are really determined on making concessions, any opposition on the part of the Liberals in the House of Commons will be little more than a forlorn hope in view of the great majority opposed to them. But the agitation will undoubtedly serve to pull the Liberal party together again. It may, however, prove fatal to the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalists. The English Roman Catholics are at one with the Church of England party in demanding a reopening of the question. The Catholics, like the Church of England, have always been bitterly antagonistic to the school-board system, and in many places they have helped the Churchmen either to prevent school boards from being established, or to restrict their usefulness when they had come into existence. The English Catholics, headed in Parliament by the Duke of Norfolk, are hoping to gain something by the resettlement; and in view of this

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expectation the action of the Irish Nationalist members will be most eagerly watched. Most of them are of the Roman Catholic Church. They too are hoping to get something more for the Catholic schools in Ireland from the coalition Government. If they go with the Government on the English school question, the alliance between them and the Liberals must almost of necessity come to an end. The publication of the Cranborne-Balfour correspondence was, of course, something the Liberals could not have anticipated when they postponed from August to October the meeting which was convened in London for discussing the reorganization of the party. Had they suspected that these letters were in existence, they would have had a sufficient justification for postponing the meeting until it was authoritatively known that the leader of the House of Commons was "extremely anxious that something effectual should be done to relieve the intolerable strain" to which, he alleges, the church schools are subjected.

THE EUROPEAN WAR OUTLOOK.

PARIS, September 27, 1895.

AT the time of the alliance of the three Emperors, much attention was given every year to the visits which the three sovereigns never failed to make each other. Those times are already distant; new constellations have been formed in the political sky. The triangle of Germany, Austria, and Russia was broken after the death of the sovereign who fell under the bomb of the Nihilists. At the same time that Italy became engaged in a new Triple Alliance, France and Russia felt drawn towards each other, till finally their compact, their alliance, has become a patent fact and a political factor of the greatest importance. In his pine forests Prince Bismarck can, in his meditations, plume himself on always having very keenly felt the importance for Germany of Russia's good will, or at least of her neutrality. He can remember the benefits which he derived from this neutrality during the war of 1870, and he must have seen with much alarm the growth of new ideas and new sentiments at the Court of St. Petersburg. The Treaty of Berlin, however, was the beginning of the new era; and Berlin was the very place where Russia, thinking or finding herself despoiled of the result of her sacrifices in the Turkish war, was forced, so to speak, into an entirely new policy, and had to look for warmer friendships and more useful alliances. On the 26th of February, 1871, when the preliminaries of peace with France were signed, the Emperor of Germany telegraphed immediately to St. Petersburg: "Never will Prussia forget that she owes to you the fact that the war did not assume extreme proportions. God bless you! Your grateful friend for life."

Russia obtained, after the war of 1870, the abrogation of article 2 of the Treaty of Paris, but this conquest seemed very small compared to the conquests of Germany. After Sedan and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, Russia felt very much as France felt the day after Sadowa. The secret feeling of enmity between the Slavic and the German races, which had always existed and which had been kept under control by diplomacy and by the personal action of the Russian and German crowns, was allowed freer play, and soon found daily expression in the press and in literature. The feelings of Russia also found expression in a new interest in conquered and vanquished France, in the incessant invitations made to her to "make herself strong again." Finally, this growing interest took a dramatic and enthusiastic form, and it may be said of the Franco-Russian alliance, what young General Bonaparte said after his first victories, to the Austrian generals: "The French Republic exists; it is as visible as the sun."

The French manœuvres took place this year near the eastern frontier of France. Four corps d'armée, at the end of these manœuvres, were passed in review by the French President, who had on one side Gen. Dragomiroff, the Russian military envoy, and on the other side Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Chancellor. The presence of Prince Lobanoff is a very significant fact. The Prince is known not only as a distinguished writer (he has published interesting works on Mary Stuart, on Marie Antoinette, and on Madame de Coigny), very familiar with France and French literature; he is known besides as a very experienced and shrewd diplomatist. His presence was a sort of demonstration. France has become, as the *Times* said, the banker of Russia; Russia makes herself in return the knight-in-arms of France.

The peculiar character of the Russian Government gives a great significance to the acts of the Russian Chancellor: Prince Lobanoff represented directly his sovereign, and it has now become apparent to all that the new Emperor of Russia has accepted the whole heritage of his father's policy. He has shown it not only in this recent circumstance, but also in his attitude towards the Prince of Bulgaria and the Bulgarian deputation which recently visited Russia. This deputation was cordially received, but it returned to Sofia without having accomplished its mission; much sympathy was manifested for the Bulgarian people by the Russian Government, but no distinct promises were given. The assassination of Stambuloff took place while the deputation was in Russia; the Prince of Bulgaria himself was at the time at Carlsbad, and, for a moment, it seemed doubtful if he would return to his capital. He is now at Sofia, and seems to be less eager to be officially recognized by Russia and by the Powers which were the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. It is highly probable that his son Prince Boris will be educated in the orthodox faith if Prince Ferdinand is ever recognized. Russia does not make a formal condition of this conversion—in fact, she makes no conditions at all; she speaks only of the Treaty of Berlin. She wishes to constrain Prince Ferdinand to make a sort of unconditional surrender. If Bulgaria cannot well dispense with Russia's good will, Russia has, on her side, the greatest interest in securing, in time of war, the alliance of Bulgaria. It is, in fact, evident that the new kingdom of Rumania has been drawn into the compact of the Triple Alliance. The King is a Hohenzollern; the Rumanians have a very good army and showed great military qualities at Plevna. Within a few years Rumania has built a line of forts on the most improved modern principles, with revolving steel turrets. The crossing of the Danube by a Russian army and the march on the Balkans will now be more difficult than ever; if Rumania, in a war between Russia and Austria, brings her army into action, and forces the Russians to lay siege to her forts, the occupation of the Balkan peninsula by an invading army will become a very serious task.

Things will be very different if Bulgaria attacks Rumania in the rear and with the help of a Russian force coming from Varna; all the forts built at so much expense by Rumania will become useless and will fall, to use a military expression, like card-houses. It is therefore essential for Russia to counterbalance Rumania by Bulgaria, and to secure the services, in an eventuality, of the large and well-organized (so it is said, at least) Bulgarian army. These considerations are sure to have much weight when even the Russian Government deems it necessary to put an end to the provisional character of the Government of the Bulgarian Principality.

A young Emperor, having a whole lifetime before him, not devoid of ambition nor of intelligence, can form great plans and cherish great hopes. On ascending the throne the new Tsar resolutely declared to the Delegates of the Provincial Councils that he would maintain intact the autocratic principle; all the more must he be prepared to have a policy suited to the aspirations of his people. The most obvious trait of this policy is the alliance with France and the constant exchange of communications between France and Russia on all questions which affect either one or other of the two countries, or which might affect them both. Germany, to be sure, was a party to the agreement which imposed the treaty of peace of Simonosaki on the Japanese Government; but it soon became clear that Germany had been asked only by courtesy to join Russia and France; in reality the new Chino-Russian loan which allowed China to satisfy Japan was entirely subscribed in France.

I have read many articles on the late English elections which gave such an overwhelming majority to the Conservatives; many are the causes which have been cited to explain the defeat of the Gladstonian party. One cause has probably been operating which could not be apparent on the surface. It is probable that England was, unconsciously, perhaps, more or less moved by the present state of European affairs. The French people are more reasonable than the French press, and, I may add, than French diplomacy. The French, as a nation, have no desire to quarrel with England, but our papers have been for the past few years constantly quarrelling with England. Forgetting that we had been asked by England to join her in Egypt, and had refused, they have incessantly urged England to leave Egypt, and found fault with her agents at Cairo. This perpetual warfare could but produce a certain irritation in the English mind, and this irritation was increased by discussions about the frontiers of Siam, by a number of small questions which in themselves are unimportant, but which had a cumulative effect and created a final impression on the English mind. The cordial alliance of France with Russia (I use a word which, in the time of Louis-Philippe, was applied to the English alliance) has perhaps even more than anything else created in England some apprehension for the future. Russia is considered by England and is perhaps in reality what the Germans call an *Erbfeind*. The prospect of a gigantic struggle of all the civilized nations of Europe—a struggle in which on one side would be Germany, Austria, and Italy, on the other France and Russia—is so terrible that, even in its most shadowy form, it must invite a thinking mind to meditate on all the possibilities of the future. England is not ready to

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enter into a definite alliance; she has no conquests to make or to keep in Europe, but she has interests throughout the world, and she is very jealous of her high position. The instinct of conservatism has drawn her again to the conservative side, and she waits for events, confiding in the wisdom and foresight of those whom she has now called to power.

In the present state of Europe, when a mere incident may set fire to the inflammable material which is everywhere collecting, England has felt the necessity of augmenting her navy, and she is even meditating great changes in her military organization. The situation of Europe, on the whole, is one which can but be cause of great anxiety to those who are not content with the optimistic and banal assurances of official diplomacy. If ever there was a time when it could be said, "They cry peace, peace, when there is no peace," it is our time, when all nations are preparing for war, are looking for alliances, and celebrate with unusual pomp the anniversaries of their victories.

SOME LESSER SPANISH SUMMER RESORTS.

GUERNICA, BISCAY, August 18, 1895.

"YOU will want to *see* San Sebastian, of course," the Spanish novelist Palacio Valdés was good enough to write me, "but that is too *bullicioso* (boisterous) for us who like quiet and the amiable converse with nature." He recommended instead various other, smaller places, in the north, as full of rural charm, and particularly Deva. I did see San Sebastian, the chief watering-place of Spain and summer residence of the court, and it will be remembered that bustle which is commonplace to one overfamiliar with it may be entertaining enough to a stranger to whom all its sights and sounds are novel. But to the lesser and much less frequented field I shall devote this letter.

And, first, was it not unsafe to go to Spain in summer? Can you support the heat well enough to have any pleasure there? I shall only reply, on this score, that I have never been once incommoded by the heat. Generally the temperature is of that delightful sort that you never give it a thought. No, the American is tempered by his experiences for any part of the globe. It was amusing, at Deva, the other day, to hear an acquaintance who knew America explain its climate to another who did not. "The sky is very blue," said he, "and the climate is like that of Madrid, only worse." Shall I repeat once more the old truism about Madrid climate, "Nine months winter and three months hell"?

The first of the minor resorts that I saw was Fuenterrabía. I did not know at the time that it laid claim to be a watering-place, but I came to think rather more of its modest accommodations when I had seen those further on. Fuenterrabía lies in a litle eddy just off the main line of travel from the frontier, and it owes its support largely to the tourists who find it so easy to run over there to see a surviving bit of the middle ages, and to attend the bull-fights organized for their especial benefit. I have seen several times since, in the journals, that its beach is *muy concurrida* (very much frequented), but when I was there I had a long hunt to find a bathing-cabin. I walked on beyond the last houses and around a rocky point, and a peasant woman came out from a shabby old farmhouse to open the cabin for me. In compensation, the lovely views of the rugged coast, the Pyrenees and the mediæval town, piled up around the castle of Charles V., were such as a swimmer seldom has opportunity to enjoy. This ruined castle, now about in the condition of an abandoned lime-kiln, is for sale, for $20,000. It is from the romantic sentiment of the English that most is expected, as the sign-board is written in that language. Yet it is not having rapid effect, for the sign-board looks almost as old as the castle.

The Spaniards are much bent upon making their season first at the springs and then at the sea. Even some peasants in costume—I am told that they are much better off than they look—will do this. Palacio Valdés has chosen the Baths of Marmolejo for the opening of his novel 'Sister San Sulpicio,' and the description of such an establishment therein will be found entirely accurate. To honor the custom, I visited in turn two of these baths in a famous part of Guipúzcoa. They are reached from San Sebastian by a narrow-gauge railway, and then a few hours' stage-coaching. The first was San Juan de Azcoitia. As I drew near it I saw a gay little bath establishment, striped pink and white, and near by a small *fonda* (inn), not at all so smart. It could accommodate at most a dozen or fifteen persons. It was entirely occupied at the moment by a single family—a family of distinguished standing at San Sebastian. In the party, by the way, was found an American English-speaking member, American by way of the Cuban connection with New York. The men had their cameras and bicycles, or would go and play handball in the resounding court of the bath-house, into which poured the stream of cold sulphur water. Board was six pesetas (francs) a day, and the food excellent. The site is a small fertile valley, with a town at either end, and a grand monastery, erected at the birthplace of Ignatius Loyola, in the centre. People are always straying up there by twos and threes to visit the architectural marvel. René Bazin, among others, describes it in his excellent book, 'Terre d'Espagne,' which must now begin to be heard of in America. The building is said to be planned in the shape of an eagle, but it is not like an eagle at all—further than that any porch may be said to resemble a beak, any side portions wings, and any rear projection a tail.

The worst of it was that the four days' *fiestas* of the saint were in progress. They are called the most important in all this part of Spain, but Spain is quite *fiesta* enough for the stranger in its ordinary aspect, and the festival simply meant that it was almost impossible to secure a bed or a conveyance. A word of warning, then. Such fêtes break out in all the localities in turn, particularly about the Assumption, the 15th of August; and, unless the traveller is of that luxurious and far-seeing kind who commands the best of everything long in advance, he will do well to keep away at such times. It is not the mere "roughing it" that matters, for *À la guerre comme à la guerre* is a motto that every good traveller keeps well in mind; but it is the unhygienic and malodorous aspects—lodgings, for instance, that seem to poison one while he sleeps. The Basque peasants dress in grave, dark blue stuffs, as in Brittany. They had church processions, their fine ball game of *pelota*, and bull fights, for which the main plaza of the town, as the custom is, was reserved. The enthusiastic youth who piloted me from the inn to a poor chamber in a remote part of Azpeitia at midnight would have me enter to see the tiers of rude wooden seats in the Plaza even at that hour. The people in the gayly decked balconies looking down into it from all around are the chief part of the spectacle. These "fights" are worse in a way than the great ones in the cities, for the bulls are only poor oxen, who have no desire but to run away, and the maladroit assassins cannot touch a vital part, like the masters, but stab and stab, making an endless carnage.

The second of the baths was Cestona, an hour or more distant by coach; warm baths this time, sulphate of soda and chloride of soda. You are to take them for three weeks, and meantime you dine well in a fine large banquet-hall, and dance or hear concerts in a yet nobler ball-room and theatre. There are going to be, besides, halls for play (gambling), a park with gymnasium, velodrome, and skating-rink, for it is not nearly finished as yet—it was opened only last month. That is to say, the new and expensive Gran Hotel, which is to be a bit of Saratoga, was only just opened, but this is superposed upon a sober ancient establishment, with long arcade and dampish, shady avenue that recalls Saratoga too, after the way in which all mineral springs resemble one another. Many of the people had that cosmopolitan look that equalizes types, so that it was not always easy to pick out their nationality. The village, half a kilometre up the road, the hard, level Spanish road, as smooth as one of those in Central Park, is a satisfactory spot of picturesqueness. The guest at the hotel would be well at the end of his three weeks' cure before he had transferred to his sketch-book all the aspects of its curious plaza and dwellings, its neat, rural look, its half-Alpine site, the odd little chapels in the pastures, the fertile cultivation that climbs high up the mountains, and the gray summits, bare and ploughed with glacial action, that frown above it.

The small seaside resorts fall pretty much under one head as to plan, like the towns on the Riviera. There is a little break in the vast cliffs, and in the bottom occurs a patch of the smoothest yellow sand, no sand at all being found elsewhere. Generally there is a small river, which shelters some sardine-fishers, and which has seen in earlier days the building of galleys and caravels. Each has two or three modern villas. Each has sent forth naval sons of note, whose statues often adorn their market-places. From Guetaria came Elcano, who first made the circuit of the globe, and from Motrico the gallant Churruca, who fell fighting Nelson at Trafalgar.

The short links of railway are extending and will be connected, so that before long the gallop of the *diligencia* along the coast-road may be a thing of the past. I set out by coach from Zarauz, between sixteen and seventeen miles westward of San Sebastian. Zarauz itself seemed to me one of the best of these bathing-stations. It may have 3,000 inhabitants. A castellated house, with end walls corbelled out high in the air and pierced with trefoils, is a unique feature of its main street. A yet pleasanter one is that by the sea, occupied by the Duke of Grenada, with fountain and garden and one of those characteristic Spanish round entrance-arches that have the arch-stones four or five feet long and a grand carved shield over the top. This nobleman is rich in old houses, for I saw another one of his at Azcoitia, a fortress sleeked down to modern uses, and the most remarkable of them all at Motrico, an astonishingly becarved and becolumned Renaissance palace, going quite to ruin. A regular feature of the old houses, large and small, is the great projection of their darksome eaves, which are held up by two or three tiers of handsomely carved brackets.

The beach is smooth and even, without so

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much as a shell or a pebble. Upon it are a dozen bathing-machines and a few bright tents, under which nurse-maids watch the children. You look down upon it from a small pavilion in the Calle del Arenal, back of which are some houses striped red and yellow, like the flag of Spain—in colors that run—bearing such names as "Villa Elvira" and "Villa Maria Teresa." Queen Isabella II. was a frequenter of Zarauz, and its handful of better villas contain a society of the most considerable titles in Spain, at least four noble dukes among them. The humbler visitor stops at the inn in the plaza, which is noisy though picturesque, or finds a furnished room along the neat Calle del Arenal. Possibly the best are at the Casino, a mere effort at sociability, a meeting-place more than modest, though it has a duke for president of honor. My most pleasant recollection of it is not of its rickety piano, nor of its scanty library, composed of a few tattered translations from Miss Braddon, but of the circumstance that a serving-maid was sweeping down the halls and stairs with a broom made of large branches of fresh mint. This had no more poetic purpose than to dislodge the wicked flea—it is a pity the specific is not more widely known and used—but it leaves, even in memory, a grateful fragrance on the air.

You leave Zarauz, rounding a very bold headland; it is the same in leaving them all. Again the strong saline breeze salutes you, and the view of the far-jutting capes of the coast, hidden there within, and the limitless expanse of that vast Bay of Biscay which can be so cruel to ships and is now so amiable and blue. The road is a mere notch in the steep glacis of solid yet friable rock, or is held up by costly retaining walls. It is a dangerous road. Even the light tread of the goats, feeding hundreds of feet above, is always sending down a fusillade of loose fragments, and the booming along of the diligence may easily dislodge larger pieces. It has already an expensive record of landslides, which will make a railroad when it comes very welcome.

Guetaria is a dark figure in the cliffs, where it is impossible to make out at once which is mere splintered cliff, which ruined bastions, which tall houses, which the original, old church, that has been declared a public monument. The *alcalde*, the mayor, keeps the inn, named for Elcano, by Elcano's statue. Zumaya, five kilometres further on, has yet taller houses, grouped around a plain church of the usual time-stained yellow stone. The bathing at both is most primitive. Here we turn back from the sea a little; the route offers a most happy combination of coast and mountain scenery. We outwit the steeps by the easy grades known to the skilled engineer. We pass under the fortress-like sanctuary of Iciar, with the straw stacks of a fruitful harvest all about it; out upon the cornice road again, and then by long windings down at last to Deva.

Deva stands on a piece of alluvial level. A row of small *fondas* with a few plain country houses extends along its small river, which further back turns mills in many pleasant mountain towns and villages. The narrow-laned town, with dark eaves, is back of this line, around the fountain and around the church, which has a square tower, unbroken, up to the bells, except by a single carved string-course, and which has a nobly spacious lofty interior and a quaint treasure of rococo saints and begilding. I should have a better opinion of the inns, no doubt, were it not that the local fêtes were on once more. The food they furnished was good. It is not the custom to use butter in the region. The prices were from 5 to 7½ pesetas a day. These are the standard prices, and Spanish money, too, is at a large discount. The guests were mostly Madrid people. They were friendly, natural, easy to enter into conversation with, and a few of the young women, the señoritas, were gay, vivacious, and comely to look at. Some of them came down gotten up for the bull-fights as *manolas*, *i. e.*, with the traditional mantilla, fan, and bright rose or lemon-hued gown, and they took pretty children along with them to see the butchery. The bathing, as elsewhere, is primitive. People sit around and watch it socially, but it is a homely rite, purely hygienic; any display of feminine grace is at once cut off by the discreet bath-cloak. I saw here a wonderful carved and gilded salon in the house of the Marqués de Valmar, dating from Philip II.'s time, and I went on to Motrico, ladder-like Motrico, to see the house and statue of Churruca.

I cannot dwell upon Portugalete and Las Arenas, the Brighton and Coney Island of the very prosperous city of Bilbao, for I must save a mere word for Guernica. The reason people come to Guernica—besides that it is a pretty mountain village in itself, with some curious palaces, frescoed outside in the Italian fashion—is that it contains the Basque liberty-oak. Being here, I pushed on too to Pedernales, at the coast, to see a much-advertised new bathing establishment just opened, It is on a bit of rocky island reached by a foot-bridge. The hotel calls itself Chacharramendi—I give it expressly as a specimen of a Basque name. It is of a severe plainness, the price is five pesetas a day, the water is clear, and it is a good resource to have at hand if one stops a while at Guernica.

The Basque provinces of Spain used to have, until they lost them through being such incorrigible Carlists, many special privileges, called their *Fueros*. It was the custom of their chiefs to swear to these rights here under an oak, always a scion of the one under which the ceremony first took place. It is something like what the Charter Oak was at Hartford. Curiously enough, the new one here, thirty-five years old, sprang into being about the time the Charter Oak blew down. The old tree did not die, however, it simply withered, and its phantom-like trunk still stands, looking on in mournful fashion at the honors done to its green young successor. There is a miniature temple hard by, and, more important yet, a fine, grave building, occupied by the Legislature of Biscay before it moved to Bilbao. The hall is oval, belted round with the portraits of the historic chiefs, and having an altar elevated at one end. The curious thing about the trees is that they are gentle, almost lady-like. You expected to see gnarled trees, rugged as the bulls of Veragua, but they are slender and graceful, an index of much amenity of climate. What is really stout and rugged is the old church. There is an electric light let into its wall just beside statues so rude they might almost have been fashioned by the Aztecs.

But I find the most interesting thing at Guernica its casino or club. It occupies the upper story of the Fonda de Comercio, and membership costs five francs entrance-fee and a franc a month. No rickety piano here, but a good one, a really good billiard-table, card-tables, good refreshments, ample space; one can be very comfortable. It is excessively Spanish, not a trace of cosmopolitanism. The ascetic Spanish character crops out especially in the library. Among the books, handsomely bound, most in evidence is Veuillot's 'Life of Christ.' Fancy a life of Christ ornamenting any club table elsewhere! But, moreover, it is a Carlist club, distinctly making the Carlist propaganda. The Liberal residents of the town do not belong. The table in the reading-room is spread solely with such ultra-monarchical, such strongly Bourbon papers as *El Vasco* of Bilbao, *El Centro* of Madrid, and with volumes of the "Popular Carlist Library," published at Barcelona, to further the cause. At one end of the long assembly-room hangs a gift, a very good oil portrait of the exiled Don Carlos, long resident at Venice. It bears the following inscription: "To the Traditionalist Club of my well-beloved Guernica —Carlos."

It is a fact well known and boasted of that young Don Jaime, son of the pretender, made a trip, in disguise, all through this part of Spain, just a year ago at this time. There can be little doubt that he put in an appearance at this stronghold and the scene of the *Fueros*. He is now twenty-five years old; there is some talk of making a match between him and the elder of the two (school-girl) Spanish princesses, and so ending the long fight. I have endeavored to draw out our obliging waiter about him. "He was here, of course?" I said. "No, but the president of the club went to meet him, afterwards, in the conference that was held at St. Jean de Luz, over the French frontier." "Have you seen him?" he asked me in turn. "I? no." "*Un guapisismo!*" he exclaimed ardently—that is, a regular beauty. WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Correspondence.

THE "DRIVING" OF THE REPUBLICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of to-day you say:

"It is susceptible of proof, too, that the most mischievous errors the Republican party has committed since the war have been those to which they were driven by the Democrats—by the Democratic desire and purpose to do something worse. This is especially true of the Sherman act of 1890. The Democrats wanted to pass an act for the free coinage of silver, and did pass it through the Senate. The Republicans passed the Sherman act as a lesser evil."

What do you mean by saying that the Republicans passed the act "as a lesser evil"? They were not obliged to pass anything. They had a majority in both houses and the Presidency. To say that under such circumstances they were "driven by the Democrats" to pass the Sherman act, or, indeed, do anything that they did not want, seems, with all respect to you, to be simply absurd.

The truth is, that as long as the Sherman act appeared to be beneficial, or, at any rate, innocuous, the Republicans admitted, or rather claimed, the responsibility for its passage. But when it precipitated the panic of 1893 something had to be done to shift that responsibility, and the discovery was accordingly made that the fault really lay with those dreadful Democrats, who (although in a minority) had compelled the good Republicans (who were in a majority) to pass the iniquitous act. When it is remembered that the House was controlled by the Republicans, and the Republicans by Tom Reed, that the Senate was Republican and the President a Republican, the statement that under these circumstances the Republicans "were driven by the

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Democrats" to do anything whatever, is, to say the least, rather remarkable.

As soon as the Sherman act appeared to be injurious it was, for the first time, disowned by John Sherman, with characteristic promptness. His example has since been followed by his party.—Respectfully yours,

DANIEL HOLSMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, October 3, 1895.

[Our contention was with Mr. Belmont, who wished to acquit the Democrats of all blame. Our correspondent merely amplifies the sentence which followed immediately the passage he quotes, and which read as follows: "It is true that the Republican party was then in power, and was chargeable with the mischievous consequences of that act."—ED. NATION.]

MEDICAL STUDENTS AND THE A. B. COURSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel obliged to express dissent from the statements made under the signature of W. H. Johnson in your issue of October 3. To determine the proper method of medical education is a problem of the highest difficulty and importance. An experience of thirty years in medical teaching, much of which was passed at one of the most numerously attended colleges in this country, has given me a knowledge of the motives and purposes of medical students. If any persons are led into medical study by any sort of curiosity, they must be in a very small minority. The moral character of medical students and graduates is not what it should be, but this is due to the influence of the period of life and to the temptations and opportunities which a large city affords. My acquaintanceship with men and women students has been intimate and extended, and I have never seen any evidence that prurient desires were prominent motives with them. The sights of the dissecting-room, operating-table, and obstetric clinic are not likely to minister to the sexual feelings of men of sound mind. Medical students, as a rule, dissect with zeal, but it is either because they realize the value of the knowledge thus acquired or are attracted by that most absorbing topic, the anatomy of the human frame. If I should see in any pupil a disposition to exaltation of sexual feeling in viewing the macerated and emaciated bodies on the dissecting-tables, I should be inclined to suspect a tendency to the form of insanity that is described in the works on sexual perversion.

Men and women study medicine as a means of livelihood. They are unfortunately not always actuated by the honest desire to obtain proper information, and some may be satisfied to take a diploma secured by fraud; but the fault in these respects rests with the college faculties, many of which in this country are little better than diploma mills, following the maxim once expressed by a medical professor: "Let the bars down low to let the boys in, and lower to let them out."

I feel sure that the study of medicine should be preceded by an education leading to a degree in arts. It is interesting to note that the extension of the course of medical study to four years has met with much more general acceptance than increase of the entrance requirements. Whatever may have been the controlling influence in this choice, we may be sure that failure to advance the standard for entrance to medical study has been largely determined by the cash consideration.

Yours, HENRY LEFFMANN.

715 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE NAMING OF *PUNCH*.

MONSIEUR L'EDITEUR: Je viens de lire, dans la *Nation* du 4 juillet dernier, un très bienveillant article sur mon livre 'La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine,' et je tiens, bien qu'un peu tard, à vous en exprimer tous mes remerciements.

Me permettrez-vous de répondre aussi un mot à l'une des reflexions de votre rédacteur. À la fin de l'article, il s'exprime ainsi:

"As, however, no Frenchman, however well informed, could write of anything English without at least one amusing blunder, we must drag forth from the obscurity of Appendix V the following passage, which nobly vindicates its author's right to the Gallic name: 'Foster donna des dessins au *Punch*, édité par M. Lemon (citron) d'où peut-être le nom bizarre de ce journal satirique."

Or il m'est impossible d'assumer la paternité de cette anecdote, ou de revendiquer l'honneur de ce calembour. C'est chez un auteur anglais que je l'ai trouvé, et si vous feuilletez 'The Art Annual for 1890,' intitulé "Birket Foster—his Life and Work," by Marcus B. Huish (Virtue & Co.), vous trouverez, page 6, ces mots:

"Foster well remembers the day when Landells came into the engraver's room, and said: 'Well, boys, we've fixed on the title; we're going to call it *Punch*,' an appellation which, when he had left, was unanimously voted a stupid one." Et en note: "The name came about from a pun upon Mark Lemon, the first editor's name, some one having suggested that *Punch* must be good with so much lemon."

Ainsi, Monsieur l'Editeur, ce passage qui, selon votre journal, "nobly vindicates its author's right to the Gallic name," se trouve être d'un anglais. La seule différence entre le texte anglais et le mien est que j'ai ajouté un "*peut-être*," ne croyant moi-même que faiblement à cette extraordinaire origine du nom du *Punch*.

Veuillez agréer, avec tous mes remerciements, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués. ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

TAIN, DRÔME, FRANCE, le 25 Septembre.

Notes.

ADDITIONAL announcements from the Messrs. Putnam are: 'The Ballads of the Nations,' in eight volumes, illustrated; "Stories of the Ages," a series beginning with Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford'; 'Tales of the Fjeld,' from Asbjörnsen, by Sir G. Dasent; 'Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages,' by George Haven Putnam; 'Russian Portraits,' by Viscount Melchior de Vogüé; 'Egyptian Decorative Art,' lectures by Prof. W. M. Flinders-Petrie; 'Israel among the Nations,' by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu; 'The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius,' selected by Foster H. Jenings; 'Old Diary Leaves,' the true story of the Theosophical Society, by Henry Steele Olcott; 'The Gold-Diggings of Cape Horn,' by John R. Spears; 'Fundamental Concepts of Economics,' by H. Dunning Macleod; and 'The British Barbarians: A Hill-Top Story,' by Grant Allen.

Macmillan & Co. have in press 'Browning Studies,' papers read before the Browning Society in London.

The autobiography of Mary Anderson Navarro will be issued in February by the Harpers.

Charles Scribner's Sons have nearly ready Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new child's story, 'Two Little Pilgrims' Progress.' We are also to have from them the following publications: 'The Art of Living,' by Judge Robert Grant, with 135 illustrations by Gibson and others; 'The Poor of Great Cities,' papers by Walter Besant, Jacob A. Riis, and others; 'Little Rivers,' "essays in profitable idleness," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke; 'Reflections and Comments, 1865–1895,' by Edwin L. Godkin; 'Cruising among the Caribbees,' by the Rev. Dr. Charles Augustus Stoddard; 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by Eugene Field and Roswell Martin Field, illustrated by E. H. Garrett; 'The Memoirs of Constant,' Napoleon's first valet-de-chambre; Dr. Ricci's 'Antonio Allegri da Coreggio: His Life, his Friends, and his Times,' abundantly illustrated; and a 'Cyclopædia of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant,' edited by W. P. P. Longfellow, and freely illustrated.

The Grolier Club has in hand the first complete collective edition of the poems of Dr. John Donne, to which Prof. Charles Eliot Norton will contribute a preface.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon bring out 'British and European Butterflies and Moths,' with thirty full-page color plates.

Duprat & Co. are preparing a fourth number of their 'Book-Lovers' Almanac,' with many and varied illustrations.

Mr. Stedman's 'A Victorian Anthology' and a volume of poems for children by Edith M. Thomas are in course of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Prof. Morris H. Morgan of Harvard has edited for Ginn & Co. 'Eight Orations of Lysias.'

'Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century,' by Mrs. Latimer, will bear the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A timely publication is 'Principles and Practice of Finance,' by Edward Carroll, jr. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The statement of principles is intended to serve merely as an introduction to the statement of facts which makes up the bulk of the book, and may be disregarded by those who are familiar with economic doctrine. But the details of practical finance are far less accessible, and are given here with much evidence of painstaking on the part of the author. He takes up the money of the United States, the national and State banks, savings banks, trust companies, the exchanges, etc., and conducts the reader through the complicated affairs of all kinds of financial establishments with intelligent guidance. In fact, the book answers the purpose of a cyclopædia of all ordinary financial transactions, and as it is furnished with tables, a glossary, and an index, it may be recommended to those who desire to understand how monetary affairs are carried on.

'The Problem of the Aged Poor,' by Geoffrey Drage (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan), is an endeavor to place before the general reader in a condensed form the results of the investigations of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, as well as the substance of Mr. Charles Booth's inquiries, and the chief features of the Poor Law and Old Age Pension systems adopted in Germany and Denmark. The Royal Commission succeeded remarkably well in securing a large number of contradictory opinions concerning the proper treatment of paupers, but as some interesting practical information was also ob-

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tained, its reports perhaps deserve exploration. It is convenient, also, to have Mr. Booth's work and the European systems treated in one volume. Otherwise, Mr. Drage's labors do not appear to us to be of any special merit, and the questions raised in England have become so complicated in their ramifications that no definite conclusions are likely to be reached, although the weight of evidence appears to be in favor of the limitation of almsgiving as being the chief cause of pauperism.

Mr. Jacob M. Moses of the Baltimore bar has published (through King Brothers of that city) a prize thesis entitled 'The Law Applicable to Strikes.' He discusses the law as it was and is concerning conspiracy and its modern developments in "boycotting" and "picketing"; the strike as affecting common carriers; and the legal remedies, action, injunction, and punishment for contempt of court. The essay is of interest chiefly to the legal profession, by whose members it may be found convenient for reference. The great strike at Chicago last year, and the action of the United States courts arising from it, naturally occupy a conspicuous place in the author's summary.

The task of tracing in the files of English and Scottish reviews the changes in the attitude of the English mind towards German literature during the last hundred years is interesting but laborious. A résumé, such as is found in Wilhelm Streuli's 'Thomas Carlyle als Vermittler deutscher Litteratur und deutschen Geister' (Zürich: Schulthess), will therefore be not unwelcome to many. The greater portion of the little work is devoted to the subject indicated by its title, and, though somewhat popular in its treatment of the theme, the book may prove of interest even to special students as a convenient summary of Carlyle's relations to the literature and authors of Germany, and of his literary mission-work at home.

One of the best of the many books called forth by the recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-German war is 'Der Krieg gegen Frankreich und die Einigung Deutschlands' (Berlin: Asher), by Dr. Theodor Lindner, Professor of History in the University of Halle, who undertook the by no means easy task at the solicitation of the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, and has performed it in a most admirable manner. It is written in an attractive style, and shows a fine sense of proportion in the narration of events and excellent judgment in the characterization of the principal personages. The causes of the war are clearly and concisely stated; the course of the campaign and of the several battles, the daily life of the soldier in camp, the political results of the appeal to arms are summarily but intelligibly described. The volume is neatly printed and richly illustrated, containing about one hundred and fifty engravings, of which twenty are full-page woodcuts. The maps and plans of battle-fields and of the theatre of the war in general are remarkably distinct, being free from the careless and excessive coloring and hatching which often obscure the lines of operation in such drawings. The moderate price of four marks ($1.00) for the elegantly bound volume ought to secure for it a wide circulation. The lack of an index greatly impairs its value.

The recently published report of the city savings-bank (Städtische Sparkasse) of Berlin for the year ending April 1, 1895, is a complete refutation of the assertion made by socialistic orators in Germany that the working classes are so poorly paid that they are forced to live from hand to mouth, and find it impossible to lay aside any portion of their wages. The amount on deposit at the end of the above mentioned period was 162,842,028 marks, being 11,566,766 marks more than on March 31, 1894; and nearly all these millions are the savings of laborers, men and women. The number of payments into the bank during the year was 526,295, of which 178,960 were in sums from 1 to 21 marks, and 162,212 in sums from 21 to 61 marks. The increase of the depositors, as shown by the account-books, was from 484,363 in 1894 to 509,732 in 1895. Of these account-books 159,732 contain a record of credit ranging from 1 to 61 marks, 88,527 from 61 to 151 marks, and 75,685 from 151 to 301 marks, thus proving that the depositors are mostly poor people. For the purpose of facilitating deposits and thus promoting thrift, the magistracy has established receiving offices in all parts of the city; at present there are 76. The cash capital of the savings bank is 176,430,978 marks, *i. e.*, 13,588,950 in excess of the deposits. Of the profits 1,112,306 have been thus far expended for works of public utility. These statistics suffice to show what demagogical nonsense American protectionists indulge in when they talk about the "pauper labor of Europe" and the necessity of an international barrier of high tariffs against this sort of competition.

A year ago we published some of the results of the work of the Oxford and Cambridge School Examination Board for the year 1894, calling attention to the evidence borne by them as to the conservatism of secondary education in Great Britain in respect to the teaching of the natural sciences. The tables for the present year show a still stronger preference for classical studies, for, though the number of candidates for certificates has increased by two hundred, those presenting the natural sciences are less in proportion than in the previous year. Two-thirds present Latin and more than a half Greek, but only one in eleven a branch of natural science. The subjects having the highest number of examinees were elementary mathematics, Scripture knowledge, history, Latin, French, and Greek. Eighty-two boys' and fifty girls' schools were represented.

It will interest New Englanders to learn that, in examining the records of Colchester Grammar School, Mr. Round has found an entry in the seventeenth century of a boy named Onge, who is described as having been born in New England. Mr. Round says that some of the emigrants returned to Colchester from New England, and then sent their sons to the grammar school. The results of Mr. Round's investigations will appear in the Proceedings of the Essex Archæological Society.

There is in the Ipswich (Eng.) Museum a collection of manuscripts relating to the history of the County of Suffolk that cannot but be of interest to historical students both in America and in England. It consists of about two dozen large volumes of documents, bound up according to the hundreds of the county to which they relate. They were brought together by Mr. William Stevenson Fitch, a resident of Ipswich, who died about twenty five or thirty years ago, when the collection was purchased by the Ipswich Museum. The thoroughness with which Mr. Fitch collected may be realized from the fact that among his papers are pages torn out of parish registers. He intended to write a history of Suffolk; and, in addition to documents, he collected a large number of prints relating to the county. These are now the property of the Suffolk Archæological Society. It is fortunate for historical students that Fitch's collection of MSS. is in the charge of so enthusiastic an antiquary as is the respected secretary and curator of the Ipswich Museum, who is delighted to find any one interested in the history of Suffolk.

The retirement of General Schofield from the head of the army by virtue of statutory age limit calls attention to his fellow-survivors of the civil war. Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, has accordingly issued, in his imperial-panel series of photographic portraits of notable contemporaries, one of that well-known fighter, engineer, and military critic, Gen. William F. Smith ("Baldy" Smith), now in his seventy-second year.

We record with regret the sudden death on Friday, October 4, of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Professor of German and German Literature at Columbia College, and for many years a contributor to the *Nation*. Prof. Boyesen was a native of Norway, born September 23, 1848. A graduate of the University of Norway after studies at Leipzig, he came directly to this country in 1868, began life as a Scandinavian journalist in Chicago, passing thence in 1874 to the chair of German at Cornell and in 1880 to Columbia. He was a prolific writer of novels and short stories, essays on Scandinavian literature, etc. His temperament was ardent and his personal attachments strong. He will be much missed.

—The first number of the new quarterly *American Historical Review* (Macmillan) bespeaks no allowance and needs none. The scheme has been well thought out, the form and typography are generous and tasteful, and the leading articles are all by writers and scholars of wide reputation. The editorial salutatory has been intrusted to Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, whose theme is "History and Democracy," and who argues hopefully from the popularity of histories in this country and the line of eminent American historians of the past hundred years against the notion that democracy is unfavorable to a high order of productiveness in this branch of belles-lettres, or that a temporary exhaustion is manifest. Prof. Moses Coit Tyler tersely and effectively exhibits the numerical, intellectual, and social weight and legal justification of the Loyalists of our Revolution, by way of deprecating the treatment to which they have hitherto been subjected. Mr. Henry C. Lea contributes an inedited bull of Sixtus IV. from the Vatican archives for its bearing on the alleged hesitancy of that Pope to permit Ferdinand and Isabella to found the Spanish Inquisition. Mr. Henry Adams, exposing a trivial error in his own 'History of the First Administration of Madison,' spins, with the aid of new documents from the French Archives—which he translates—an engaging tale of the career of the adventurer calling himself in this country "Count Edward de Crillon." Prof. Frederick J. Turner begins a series of papers of obvious value and authority on a subject of which he is easily master, "Western State-making in the Revolutionary Era." This is the main feast. The "Documents" department is worthily begun with letters of real importance in American history. The reviews are very numerous and by a great variety of hands, both native and American by adoption (as in the case of Profs. Ashley and Goldwin Smith). With one exception they are all signed, and an interesting test of the *Review's* integrity is furnished by Dr. Levermore's critique of the latest volume of Prof. McMaster, one of the editorial board. It leaves nothing to be desired in the way of frankness without bias.

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Notes and News, geographically classified, round out the number, which gives promise that the *Review* will fully meet the expectations of its founders and the cultivated public.

—In concluding, in the October *Harper's*, his account of the disorganized military bands that pass muster as governments in Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, Richard Harding Davis expresses his conviction that the Central American citizen is no more fit for a republican form of government than he is for an arctic expedition. As long as he is left to his own devices, no development need be expected in the natural resources of his fertile country, which has a soil rich enough to supply the world with coffee, and waits only for "an honest effort" to make it the highway of traffic from every portion of the globe. But whether the duties of a protectorate are undertaken by the United States or by another Power is, in Mr. Davis's opinion, a matter of no consequence, "so long as it leaves the Nicaragua Canal in our hands." This indifference to the cardinal principle that the European nations shall keep their hands off this hemisphere is calculated to raise a hue and cry among readers whose views are represented, in the same magazine, by Capt. Mahan's article on "The Future in relation to American Naval Power." Capt. Mahan braces himself firmly against his natural shelter, the Monroe Doctrine, and presents a sweeping front of argument in favor of the development of a navy as a political factor which, in the last analysis, is "more often deterrent than irritant." What the effect of highly increased efficiency and extension in this branch of military power will be upon the temper of the American people, and the part they may play in the international political drama which seems to Capt. Mahan to be of increasing complexity, must largely depend, at any time, upon whether they are led by Jingo politicians or by statesmen. Upon the risks we run in the former contingency it is not Capt. Mahan's cue to enlarge, although they are shown clearly enough in the history which he is an adept at bringing to bear in support of his own position. His article is an instance of special pleading of the most instructive type.

—The political agitator will find nothing to his comfort in "Josiah Flynt's" "How Men Become Tramps," which is an article of the month in the *Century* that likewise calls for serious consideration. Fluctuations in the labor market do not, according to Mr. Flynt, make tramps. Misguided and misapplied charity has, as a matter of fact, more to do with their existence than depression in trade has. But it is to the promiscuous herding of boys with criminals in jails, together with the love of drink and the short-sighted thrusting of lads into evil company in reform-schools, that the incessant recruiting of vagrants is due. Nearly all tramps have, during some part of their lives, been charges of the State in its reformatories, and it is a noteworthy fact that nothing "will draw a crowd of reform-school boys together quicker, and keep them quieter, than a conversation about criminals and tramps." Mr. Flynt makes the excellent practical proposition that this interest shall be taken advantage of by the teachers in reformatories, for the purpose of substituting their own version of the probable success and rewards of crime for that of the criminal propagandist. Seen in its true light, with its attendant dangers and punishments, a life of vagabondage ought certainly to diminish in attraction to the imagination of youths of the unfortunate class doomed by present reform-school methods to almost inevitable corruption at the hands of older or more sophisticated inmates. As remote as possible in character from this pressing theme is the attractive article, "A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads," which presents, by word and picture alike, an engaging succession of scenes in the pretty and curious district which forms the latest annexation to the tourist's playground in England. Mr. Pennell is the artist to whom thanks are due for the pictures, while the writer whose yachting trip on the Bure, by Wroxham Broad, to Yarmouth, has yielded such pleasant literary result is Anna Bowman Dodd.

—To contributors' travels is also due a large proportion of the interest of the current *Atlantic*. Alvan F. Sanborn, whose disposition is evidently his fortune as a tourist, describes how the Wordsworth country may be seen, studied, and loved, at the modest expenditure, in sterling coin, of two shillings a day. Time is, of course, the commodity of which it is necessary to be prodigal in order to accomplish this joint result. As Mr. Sanborn is a law unto himself in composing a paper, as well as in exploring the Lake District, the event is as individual and as unconventionally successful in the one case as in the other. From the starting-point that his favorite Orientals will and can assimilate only such European ideas as are sympathetic to the genius of their own civilization, Lafcadio Hearn proceeds, as usual, to turn the tables of criticism to their advantage. How the Westerner is tied and debilitated by his complicated impedimenta, and how the national scale of food, clothing, and possessions leaves the Japanese free to move about at will, always bathed, combed, and civilized, notwithstanding the lightness of his pack, is shown with all the writer's charm of style. The smallness of the buildings, domestic, industrial, and public, and the impermanency of these, and even of natural features, in this "land of impermanence," give the clue to the mobility of the population. Whatever reservations a reader may make in regard to Japanese ideals of devotion, he will have none concerning their manners and taste, as artistically painted in this article. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps concludes here her novel, "A Singular Life," and Charles Egbert Craddock carries on the serial begun last month.

—In *Scribner's* the stranger is pleasantly introduced within the gates at Vailima by Lloyd Osbourne, who, without adding materially to the impressions already received of Stevenson's personality, describes the picturesque phases of his patriarchal mode of life at Samoa, and the easy hospitality dispensed by him there. In her admirable short story, "The Lamp of Psyche," Miss Edith Wharton, while adroitly avoiding the air of a homily, has found a subtle and clever touchstone of worth in the debatable case of the expatriated American. But the centre of attraction of the number will undoubtedly be Mr. G. W. Smalley's sketch of Huxley, written with a full understanding of the biographical value of details. That Huxley loved his cats as well as his friends, that he dressed well and was unabashed in the presence of royalty, are facts to which each will apply his own measure of value. That he was a genial and popular host, and that as a talker he "ranked with the best," are points of human interest that cannot come amiss to a generation of readers grateful for his inestimable services in science and in religious controversy. An illustrated account of the University of Chicago winds up with the irreconcilable propositions that "the subjects taught will increase without number, and the most catholic means of estimation or valuation will be employed," but that "our new student will be contemptuous of mere culture, of anything that derives its respect from the past alone." Soothsaying to a similar effect has been heard elsewhere; hardly, however, in interpretation of a university and its aims.

—Popular suffrage, as applied to the awarding of prizes for works of art, has seldom had a more astonishing result than recently in Venice. The public is apt to be puzzled by the awards of artists and regularly constituted juries, and to consider that the higher qualities of art are ignored in favor of purely technical merits incomprehensible to the layman. The jury of this year's Venetian International Exposition, composed of W. M. Rossetti, President, Prof. Richard Muther, Robert de la Sizeranne (author of 'La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine'), and Prof. Adolfo Venturi, unanimously awarded the capital prize of $2,000 to "La figlia di Jorio," by Michetti, an unusually serious work by that exceedingly clever painter, and voted a number of minor prizes to a long list of artists, among whom are to be found such names as Liebermann, Whistler, and Boldini. A special prize of $1,000 for a Venetian painter only, was awarded to "Morocomio," by Silvio Rotta, a study of a madhouse scene in the vein of Jean Béraud. There was, however, a "popular prize" of $200, and this was voted by the public to a picture which the jury had entirely ignored. G. Grosso, for his "Il Supremo Convegno," received 547 votes as against only 185 for Michetti and 97 for Rotta. That the picture so selected by popular approval should be wretchedly drawn, and that its painting should be of the flashy and obvious kind, was, perhaps, to have been expected. What is surprising is, that its subject and treatment are of the most sensationally erotic order. In a great hall stands the coffin of a young man with disordered pall and overturned candles, and, riding astride or crawling upon it, and grinning in the face of the corpse, are four or five naked women. In the background two or three other women, partially draped, are entering the door. Were the technical merits of such a performance as great as they appear to be slender, its encouragement by the award of a prize would be little less than a calamity. That the prize should have been awarded by popular vote speaks ill for the morals and worse for the taste of modern Italy.

—Besides the other prizes at this Exposition, the President of the jury offered a small prize of $80 for the encouragement of a young artist, under thirty, who should have received no other recompense; this prize to be awarded by the President himself without the participation of his colleagues. It fell to a young Venetian, Vettore Antonio Cargnel, born in 1870, for his first work, entitled, "Averte Faciem Tuam a Peccatis Meis." One would be glad to see a reproduction of the picture which Mr. Rossetti has so honored. It is safe to assume that it is not of the same kind as Signor Grosso's.

—In the autumn of 1893, application was made for admission as matriculated students to the University of Göttingen by three young ladies, two of whom were American and one

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English. The former were graduates of an American college, and the latter had passed her examination in mathematics at Girton College in Cambridge, England. All three wished to study mathematics and physics. Serious objections from various sources were urged against the granting of this request; fortunately, however, it was favored by the professors directly concerned, who laid scientific papers written by the applicants before the Minister of Public Instruction, and finally succeeded in obtaining permission for them to attend lectures as "Hospitanten," or guestwise, but they were not recognized as candidates for degrees. In the summer semester of 1894 there were twelve, in the winter semester of 1894 95 fifteen, and in the summer semester of 1895, just closed, twenty ladies regularly attending the lectures; of these twenty, one also passed her examination and received the doctor's degree. This is the first instance of the kind in the annals of the University of Göttingen; for although Dorothea Schlözer passed a brilliant examination on September 17, 1787, in the seventeenth year of her age, and was declared by the faculty to be eminently worthy of a doctorate, she was not publicly "promoted" or graduated, and no diploma was conferred upon her. Women who wish to be admitted to an examination for a degree in the University of Göttingen, must now have gone through a *triennium academicum*, or three years' course of study, either in a German university or in one of equal rank; the last semester must, in all cases, have been passed at a German university. Each one must also hand in a dissertation of scientific value, and sustain a satisfactory oral examination in her chief department and in two secondary departments of study. The medical faculty still refuses to admit women either as students or hearers.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., a Judge of the High Court of Justice. By his brother, Leslie Stephen. With two portraits. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

Fitzjames Stephen was an interesting personage, and we have here a candid, readable, excellent piece of biography, well proportioned, moderately stated, by his brother, a master in that art. "I have wished," he says, "to describe the man rather than to give any history of what he did." He does not undertake to estimate "the value of his performances"; and so far as he says anything of that sort, it "must be taken as mainly a judgment at second hand." Doubtless the inability of one who is not a lawyer to pass judgment upon the professional work to which Fitzjames Stephen's life was devoted, is, as his brother truly says, a serious defect in a biographer. All the more is this true in the case of one whose work was of a sort so trenchant, so difficult to estimate justly, so mixed in its character, so widely beneficial in some parts and some aspects of it, so crude and so rash in others.

But, taking the book for just what it purports to be, it accomplishes its purpose well. It does not overpraise the man; it gives to the reader the clues that explain his character, his remarkable powers, his marked limitations and defects, his deferred success. The principal criticism that we find ourselves making is that the biographer has kept himself under too severe a restraint, so that the book lacks in warmth and cordiality of appreciation. One can well understand and respect the motives which led to this reserve. But why are we allowed so few of Stephen's letters—almost none? These might well have come in to give us a glimpse now and then into the warmer and more intimate places of Stephen's heart and life. What matter we do have of this sort makes us hungry for more. And we are disposed to think that mere justice to the character of so prominent and remarkable a man required this sort of supplement to the biographer's work as we have it now. The writer has offered some reasons for this sort of omission, but they hardly justify the extent of it; the reader could better have spared some of the abstracts and discussions of Stephen's books and opinions.

A very interesting account is given of the ancestry and family connections of the Stephens. They are traced to Scotland in the person of a James Stephen, a farmer of Aberdeenshire, early in the last century. His son James studied law at Aberdeen, went into mercantile life, was imprisoned for debt, argued his own case on habeas corpus before Lord Mansfield, wrote pamphlets against imprisonment for debt, and died poor—a man of powerful physique and energetic character. His son James studied law at Aberdeen, was a reporter for the London *Morning Post*, and afterwards was called to the bar and went to the West Indies. He became greatly interested with Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay in the anti-slavery movement, and married as his second wife a sister of Wilberforce, "a rather eccentric, but very vigorous woman," who "made her stepchildren read Butler's 'Analogy' before they were seven." This James Stephen became a member of Parliament and a Master in Chancery. Of his six children, all by his first wife, the lawyers will be glad to know that one was Henry John Stephen, the author of that admirable and scholarly book, 'Stephen on Pleading.' "I remember him," says the biographer, "as a gentle and courteous old man, very shy, and, in his later years, never leaving his house, and amusing himself with speculating upon music and the prophecies." A sister of this "Serjeant Stephen" married a Dicey and became the mother of Edward Dicey and of Albert Venn Dicey, the distinguished Oxford professor. It was a brother who became the father of Fitzjames and Leslie, viz.: James Stephen, born in 1789, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was called to the bar in 1811, and afterwards, retiring from practice, became counsel to the Colonial Office and to the Board of Trade in 1825, and held a place in the Colonial Office for twenty two years. In 1834 he became Assistant Under-Secretary of State. Later he was made a Privy Councillor and K.C.B.; and still later, in 1849, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

This Sir James Stephen, already having an inherited connection with the rigid evangelicals known as "the Clapham Sect," married a daughter of the Rev. John Venn of Clapham and thus became very closely associated with them. Of his mother the biographer draws an attractive picture. She seems to have been a handsome woman, "of unbroken health," serene, cheerful, whose "sound common sense . . . was her predominant faculty; and, though her religious sentiments were very strong and deep, she was so far from fanatical that she accepted with perfect calmness the deviations of her children from the old orthodox faith." Of his father the writer speaks as "a man of exquisitely sensitive nature—a man, as my mother warned his children, 'without a skin.'" A learned and able man, he was devoutly religious, and, upon the whole, his piety conformed to that of the narrow school already referred to.

Leslie Stephen's account of the delicate shades of his father's and the family's religious side is very neat, and it throws light on the qualities of Fitzjames.

"Certain learned dons discovered on his appointment to the professorship of history that he was a 'Cerinthian.' I do not pretend to guess at their meaning. Anyhow, he had avowed, in an 'epilogue' to his Essays, certain doubts as to the meaning of eternal damnation—a doctrine which at that time enjoyed considerable popularity. The explanation was in part simple. 'It is laid to my charge,' he said, 'that I am a Latitudinarian. I have never met with a single man who, like myself, had passed a long series of years in a free intercourse with every class of society who was not more or less what is called a Latitudinarian.' In fact, he had discovered that Clapham was not the world, and that the conditions of salvation could hardly include residence on the sacred Common. . . . Our household must thus be regarded as stamped with the true evangelical characteristics—and yet with a difference. The line between saints and sinners or the Church and the world was not so deeply drawn as in some cases. We felt, in a vague way, that we were, somehow, not quite as other people, and yet I do not think that we could be called Pharisees. My father felt it a point of honor to adhere to the ways of his youth. Like Jonadab, the son of Rechab, as my brother observes, he would drink no wine for the sake of his father's commandments (which, indeed, is scarcely a felicitous application after what I have just said). [Namely, that 'he spoke with horror of his father's belief in the virtues of port wine.'] He wore the uniform of the old army, though he had ceased to bear unquestioning allegiance. We never went to plays or balls; but neither were we taught to regard such recreations as proofs of the corruption of man. My father most carefully told us that there was nothing intrinsically wrong in such things, though he felt strongly about certain abuses of them. At most, in his favorite phrase, they were 'not convenient.' We no more condemned people who frequented them than we blamed people in Hindostan for riding elephants. A theatre was as remote from us as an elephant. And therefore we grew up without acquiring or condemning such tastes. They had neither the charm of early association nor the attraction of forbidden fruit. To outsiders the household must have been pervaded by an air of gravity, if not of austerity. But we did not feel it, for it became the law of our natures, not a law imposed by eternal sanctions. We certainly had a full allowance of sermons and church services; but we never, I think, felt them to be forced upon us. They were a part, and not an unwelcome part, of the order of nature. In another respect we differed from some families of the same creed. My father's fine taste and his sensitive nature made him tremblingly alive to one risk. He shrank from giving us any inducement to lay bare our own religious emotions. To him and to our mother the needless revelation of the deeper feelings seemed to be a kind of spiritual indelicacy. To encourage children to use the conventional phrases could only stimulate to unreality or actual hypocrisy. He recognized, indeed, the duty of impressing upon us his own convictions, but he spoke only when speaking was a duty. He read prayers daily in his family, and used to expound a few verses of the Bible with characteristic unction. . . . 'Did you ever know your father to do a thing because it was pleasant?' was a question put to my brother, when he was a small boy, by his mother. She has apparently recorded it for the sake of the childish answer: 'Yes, once—when he married you.' But we were always conscious of the force of the tacit appeal."

James Fitzjames Stephen was born in London March 3, 1829. He seems to have been a precocious and odious sort of child. His mother kept a diary, from which the editor makes judiciously condensed statements, and they illustrate the man:

"The first conflict with authority took place on June 28, 1831, when he resolutely declared that he would not say the 'Busy Bee.' This event became famous in the nursery, for in

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September, 1834, he has to express contrition for having in play used the words 'By the Busy Bee' as an infantile equivalent to an oath. One difficulty was that he declined to repeat what was put into his mouth, or to take first principles in ethics for granted. When his mother read a text to him (May, 1832), he retorts, 'Then I will not be like a little child; I do not want to go to heaven; I would rather stay on earth' He declines (in 1834) to join in a hymn which expresses a desire to die and be with God. Even good people, he says, may prefer to stay in this world. 'I don't want to be as good and wise as Tom Macaulay' is a phrase of 1832, showing that even appeals to concrete ideals of the most undeniable excellence fail to overpower him. He gradually developed a theory which became characteristic, and which he obstinately upheld when driven into a logical corner. A stubborn conflict arose in 1833, when his mother was forced to put him in solitary confinement during the family tea-time. She overhears a long soliloquy in which he admits his error, contrasts his position with that of the happy who are perhaps even now having toast and sugar, and compares his position to the 'last night of Pharaoh.' 'What a barbarian I am to myself!' he exclaims, and resolves that this shall be his last outbreak On being set at liberty, he says that he was naughty on purpose, and not only submits but requests to be punished. For a short time he applies spontaneously for punishments, though he does not always submit when the request is granted. But this is a concession under difficulties. His general position is that by punishing him his mother only 'procures him to be much more naughty,' and he declines as resolutely as Jeremy Bentham to admit that naughtiness in itself involves unhappiness, or that the happiness of naughtiness should not be taken into account. He frequently urges that it is pleasanter while it lasts to give way to temper, and that the discomfort only comes afterwards. It follows logically, as he argues in 1835, that if a man could be naughty all his life he would be quite happy. Some time later (1838) he is still arguing the point, having now reached the conclusion to which the Emperor Constantine gave a practical application. The desirable thing would be to be naughty all your life, and to repent just at the end."

He was slow at his books, thoughtful, unsociable, "inclined to be indolent." At school at the age of seven or eight, "as a means of attaining holiness," he meditated on hell.

"He imagined the world transformed into a globe of iron, white hot, with a place in the middle made to fit him so closely that he could not even wink. The globe was split like an orange; he was thrust by an angel into this place, immortal, unconsumable, and capable of infinite suffering; and then the two halves were closed, and he left in hideous isolation to suffer eternal torments. I guess from my own experience that other children have had similar fancies. He adds, however, a characteristic remark: 'It seemed to me then, as it seems now, that no stronger motive, no motive anything like so strong, can be applied to actuate any human creature toward any line of conduct. To compare the love of God or anything else is to my mind simply childish.' He refers to Mill's famous passage about going to hell rather than worship a bad God, and asks what Mill would say after an experience of a quarter of an hour."

In due time, in 1842, he went to Eton.

"He was thoughtful beyond his years, although not conspicuously forward in his school studies. He was already inclined to consider games as childish. He looked down upon his companions and the school life generally as silly and frivolous. The boys resented his contempt of their ways; and his want of sociability and rather heavy exterior at the time made him a natural butt for schoolboy wit. He was, he said, bullied and tormented till, towards the end of his time, he plucked up spirit to resist. . . . 'I was, on the whole,' he says, 'very unhappy at Eton, and I deserved it; for I was shy, timid, and I must own cowardly. I was like a sensible grown-up woman among a crowd of rough boys.' After speaking of his early submission to tyranny, he adds: 'I still think with shame and self-contempt of my boyish weakness, which, however, did not continue in later years. The process taught me for life the lesson that to be weak is to be wretched, that the state of nature is a state of war, and *Væ Victis* the great law of Nature.'"

Afterwards he spent two years at King's College in London and was happy. Here he made the acquaintance of Maurice, then a professor there. In 1847 he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He made no great show there at his books or socially, but took an active part in the debates at the "Union," and, through the influence of Maine, was chosen into the "Apostles."

"'I have always found myself,' says Fitzjames in reference to his academical career, 'one of the most unteachable of human beings. I cannot, to this day, take in anything at second hand. I have in all cases to learn whatever I want to learn in a way of my own. It has been so with law, with languages, with Indian administration, with the machinery I have had to study in patent cases, with English composition—in a word, with everything whatever.' . . . He was without that subtlety and accuracy of mind which makes the born scholar. He was capable of blunders surprising in a man of his general ability; and every blunder takes away marks. He was still less of a mathematician. 'I disliked,' as he says himself, 'and foolishly despised the studies of the place, and did not care about accurate and classical scholarship, in which I was utterly wrong.' . . . Fitzjames's comparative failure at Cambridge suggests to him a significant remark. After speaking of his 'unteachableness,' he observes that his mind was over-full of thoughts about religion, about politics, about morals, about metaphysics, about all sorts of subjects, except art, literature, or physical science. 'For art of any kind I have never cared, and do not care in the very least. For literature, as such, I care hardly at all. I like to be amused and instructed on the particular things I want to know; but works of genius, as such, give me very little pleasure; and as to the physical sciences, they interest me only so far as they illustrate the true method of inquiry. They, or rather some of them, have the advantage of being particularly true, and so a guide in the pursuit of moral and distinctively human truth. For their own sake I care very little about them.'"

Stephen was called to the bar in January, 1854. He had already begun to write for the newspapers. In November, 1854, he was engaged to be married to Miss Cunningham, daughter of the Vicar of Harrow, and was married in April, 1855. "The marriage," he says, in a fine and touching passage,

"was a blessed revelation to me. It turned me from a rather heavy, torpid youth into the happiest of men, and, for many years, one of the most ardent and energetic. It was like the lines in Tennyson—

> A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapped,
> . . . . . .
> And all the long-pent stream of life
> Dashed downward like a cataract.

I am surprised to find that, when I look back to that happiest and most blessed of days through the haze of upwards of thirty-two years, I do not feel in the least degree disposed to be pathetic over the lapse of life or the near approach of old age. I have found life sweet, bright, glorious. I should dearly like to live again; but I am not afraid, and I hope, when the time comes, I shall not be averse to die."

For nearly all his life after this period Stephen was a most voluminous writer for the press. To observe how much he wrote and how constantly his thoughts for a great part of his life were running on politics, metaphysics, and all sorts of speculations on the current topics of the day, suggests the reason why he did not rise more rapidly in his profession, and make a more distinguished mark in it. His mental powers were great, his physical capacity very great, and his industry prodigious; but he was never a great lawyer or a great judge. In 1859 he was made Recorder of Newark. In 1858 he had been secretary of a royal commission to investigate the state of popular education. In 1862 he published 'Essays by a Barrister' and the 'Defence of Dr. Rowland Williams'; in 1863 his 'General View of the Criminal Law of England,' a book containing some sound thinking, but a far cruder performance than its author could have imagined it to be. In July, 1869, he was appointed legal member of the Council for India as successor to Maine, and arrived in Calcutta in December. In May, 1872, he had returned to England. On the voyage out he wrote twenty articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In India he worked like a horse over legislation and codification, especially his Indian Evidence Act passed in March, 1872, of which he published an edition with an elaborate and very characteristic Introduction. This, although showing force of thought, was really a rash, academic, and ill-digested performance. But there seems reason to think that in India at that time anything was better than nothing. He soon prepared a bill for amending the law of Homicide, and later, in 1873, an Evidence bill for England, but neither of them was enacted. The latter, however, became the basis of his 'Digest of Evidence,' published in 1876. In 1873 he published 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' and was defeated as a candidate for Parliament from Dundee. In 1877 he published his 'Digest of the Criminal Law,' which "represented the hardest work he had ever done"—a valuable book. In December, 1875, he had been appointed Professor of Common Law at the Inns of Court. This office he resigned in 1879. Meantime he was at work on a Penal Code, as a member of a commission with Lord Blackburn and others. This was a carefully prepared and mainly excellent piece of work, but it was not enacted. In January, 1879, he succeeded Mr. Justice Cleasby in the High Court of Justice. "He unfeignedly enjoyed his new position. He often said that he could imagine nothing more congenial to all his wishes." But "he is resolved to make the bench 'a base of operations,' and 'not a mere shelf.'" In 1883 he published in three volumes his elaborate and very valuable 'History of the Criminal Law of England.' He also published a 'Digest of Criminal Procedure,' and in 1885, in two volumes, his story of 'Nuncomar and Impey,' "an episode in the great Warren Hastings story."

This was his last book. In April, 1885, he had what appears to have been a stroke of paralysis, while at Derby conducting the assizes, but he was at his judicial work again in the summer. Mrs. Maybrick was convicted on August 7, 1889. "I have not the least doubt," says his biographer, and he is probably well supported in his opinion, "that his humanity and impartiality were as conspicuous in this as in other cases." In 1888 he lost by death two most valued friends, Sir Henry Maine and G. S. Venables, and in February, as the ultimate result of a distressing casualty, his son, James K. Stephen, the author of the brilliant little books of verse, 'Lapsus Calami' and 'Quo Musa Tendis?'

"On March, 17, 1890, he had an attack of illness during the assizes at Exeter, resembling that which he had previously had at Derby. He was again ordered to rest for three months. Sir A. Clark allowed him to go on a circuit in the summer. . . . In March, 1891, he was on circuit at Exeter again with Lord Coleridge. It was thought right that certain public remarks should be brought under his notice. He immediately took the obviously right course. He consulted Sir Andrew Clark, who advised resignation. Fitzjames did his last work as judge at Bristol, March 15 to 23, and finally resigned on April 7, 1891, when he took leave of his colleagues at an impressive meeting. . . . He had no serious suffering,

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He became weaker and died peacefully at Ipswich, March 11, 1894. He was buried at Kensal Green in the presence of a few friends, and laid by the side of his father and mother and the four children who had gone before him. One other grave is close by, the grave of one not allied to him by blood, but whom he loved with a brotherly affection that shall never be forgotten by one survivor."

It can hardly be wrong to understand these last words as referring to the grave of that daughter of Thackeray who was the first wife of him who writes. And now, alas, we have been hearing lately of another like bereavement to Leslie Stephen.

Let us add the simple and just words with which the biographer closes his book:

"Whatever may be thought of Fitzjames's judgments of men and things, it must be granted that he may be called, in the emphatical and lofty sense of the word, a true man. In the dark and bewildering game of life he played his part with unfaltering courage and magnanimity. He was a man not only in masculine vigor of mind and body, but in the masculine strength of affection which was animated and directed to work by strenuous moral convictions. If I have failed to show that, I have made a failure indeed; but I hope that I cannot have altogether failed to produce some likeness of a character so strongly marked and so well known to me from my earliest infancy."

A Study of Death. By Henry Mills Alden, author of 'God in His World: An Interpretation.' Harper & Bros. 1895.

For those who were so fortunate as to read Mr. Alden's 'God in His World,' the present book will lack one charm in which that abounded, namely, that of a wonderful freshness and surprise. But it will be a very real pleasure for them to trust themselves again to the guidance of a writer whose "pastures new" could not be hemmed between the covers of a single book. The title will discourage many, and it is strange that Mr. Alden was at so little pains to choose one more engaging and expressive. It gives only the faintest indication of the breadth of his discussion and the variety of ideas and suggestions that it carries on the bosom of its placid stream. Only a few pages at the beginning and the end are directly concerned with death in the narrower implication of the term. For the rest we have a philosophy of nature and history in general and of Christianity in particular. The thesis everywhere maintained is, that death is neither accident nor harm, but a divine and beautiful necessity. "If we think of life apart from death, our thought is partial, as if we would give flight to the arrow without bending the bow. No living movement either begins or is completed save through death."

The same optimism which was so characteristic of the author's former book is here also, illuminating not only death but evil upon every page. He has no vision of a time when sin and death will be no more. Without them the loom of time could never have woven, and can never weave, the garment of the Eternal. So confidently and insistently are the goodness and necessity of evil dwelt upon, and so serene is the contempt expressed for moral conduct understood as obedience to a social law, that if the book were going to be read for moral guidance, there would be likelihood of its encouraging some to "continue in sin that grace may abound." We are told that "our human flesh was as dear to Jesus as that of children to their mother, and never in word was there any animadversion upon our carnal plight. He enjoyed the festival, and even turned water into wine for those already well-drunken." On another page we read that "we are not therefore called upon to repudiate ethics, or even that social specialization of morality which seems to contradict the words of the Master." Such qualifying phrases should not be overlooked, but they do not represent the average temper of the book, which, in appearance at least, is antinomian. Love is the one thing needful. A formal righteousness is of small account. Of course the doctrine is that we must have something more and not something less. The fact remains that "mere morality" is treated as cavalierly by Mr. Alden as by the orthodox theologians.

The book requires for its full enjoyment a supreme indifference to scientific method, and this no less because Mr. Alden's appeals to science are many, which only means that he "pounces on his own wherever he finds it." There is probably not a position in the book at which he arrived by any scientific course, while he has great ingenuity in availing himself of Weismann, whose name is misspelled, or any other scientist who can furnish him with real or apparent illustration. Everywhere the personal equation is dominant and selective of its own. This is quite as obvious in matters of criticism as in the field of natural science, where the derivation of man from any other species is set aside as dogmatically as it could be by an infallible pope. In Biblical criticism Mr. Alden takes or leaves the modern results to suit his purposes. He disdains the supernatural, but cordially accepts the miracles as natural events; the resurrection of Jesus being central to his exposition, but in the vaguest way, without any estimate of its proofs, or any endeavor to justify the character assigned to it (which is not corporeal), or to show us how an event so isolated is related to or expressive of a process that has no beginning and no end.

Those who are nothing if not critical and scientific may possibly be irritated by the naïveté of a dogmatism that plays fast and loose with their properties; but those who choose to be amused will choose the better part. The book is not a scientific treatise, it is not an argument, and barely is it an exposition. It is a rhapsody upon the unity of life and death. Those will be least apt to be disappointed who do not expect much from its coherency, who set out to get their satisfaction less from the forest than from the trees. Those whose approach to the book is made with this understanding must be strangely narrow in their sympathies if they do not find much to please them, much to charm them, and some things to cause them "a great trembling of the heart."

The style as well as the thought is so individual that we seem to be overhearing a soliloquy rather than listening to a direct address, and sometimes we do not seem to catch the words, or they are in an unknown tongue. But the book abounds in sentences and phrases of peculiar force and beauty, and there are passages of such lyric rapture that one must go to Shelley or to Dante's "Paradiso" to breathe an air so fine. Take, for example, the passage on pages 70-72, in which the earth, under the similitude of a wandering prodigal, dreams of the sun from whose bosom she has torn herself away. Mr. Alden has the poet's predilection for a novel use of words and texts, and sometimes he startles us with the freshness and vivid aptness of his bold adventures. The whole of his third book, "Prodigal Sons: a Cosmic Parable," is one of these, wonderful in the delicacy of its elaboration; and the first section of this part, "The Divided Living," is a variation on the theme, "He divided unto them his living," than which a more subtile and impressive would be hard to find in all the range of allegorical interpretation. There are many pages in the book quite as remarkable as these, and one could easily select from it a tender and fragrant anthology of shorter passages and sentences.

In the first book "the body of death" is briefly touched with reverent hands, and then "the mystical vision" is displayed in which death is seen as the parent and the ministrant of life, and as a process always going on in every living thing. Some of the analogues with which Mr. Alden fortifies his position seem to be more fanciful than real. In the second book, entitled "Native Impressions," we have an exposition of men's earliest thoughts of death, or rather of Mr. Alden's imagination of those thoughts. It is Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Childhood" writ large, an application to the infant race of Wordsworth's line,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The representation is too much an imputation of Mr. Alden's inner consciousness to the primitive man, but it is doubtless true that the earlier views were simpler and less monstrous than those of a deliberate theology. The next book, "Prodigal Sons," elaborates the specialization of life, and attempts to show, as does the next, "The Moral Order," how all seeming aberration from the House of Life is part of a curve which has its inevitable return. For the remainder of the way we have our Pegasus in harness. There is something altogether arbitrary and artificial in the transition from the generalizations of the preceding sections to the historic Jesus and Christianity, and the incongruity is not entirely dissipated by the vagueness of the exposition and an eclecticism which is devoid of all responsibility. Small indeed must be the audience that is fit for the reception of these concluding chapters with a responsive mind. A conventional orthodoxy is affronted upon every page, and the free intellect will find no justification for the emphasis that is placed upon a special series of events, and will resent a mixture of rhapsody and traditional opinion when it is seeking for some rational basis of belief. But when every deduction has been made, the book is fascinating and suggestive to a remarkable degree, and has all the charm of the remotest foreign travel in its difference from the beaten tracks of our habitual thought.

After Five Years in India; or, Life and Work in a Punjaub District. By Anne C. Wilson. London: Blackie; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 312, 8vo.

It would be difficult to find a better popular account of the method by which England governs India than is contained in this book. The subject is treated in two distinct ways. Pictures of native life in various aspects, and the description of a deputy commissioner's work during a single day, present in a concrete form some of the problems in administration which confront an official in a country district. Then the general system of the Government is explained, together with its application to the public works, education, and the land laws. A peculiar value attaches to this (the larger) part of the book in that it is derived from the practical experience of the author's husband, who is the collector of a district in the Punjab.

From her father, Dr. Norman MacLeod, Mrs. Wilson inherits a clear and picturesque

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style, which is naturally shown to greatest advantage in her narratives. These sketches of the natives are full of life, and impress one with their truthfulness, due, perhaps, as much to the writer's keen interest in and sympathy with them as to her literary skill. An added charm is given by the vein of humor which runs through them, especially in the descriptions of her servants and the natives who come with petitions to her husband. There is pathos also, as, for example, in the story of the farmer who falls into the hands of the village usurer, and of the money-lender himself, and the tragedy which embittered his prosperous career. Here is a scene, taken almost at random, from her account of a day in her husband's official life: "And now, the jail inspected, the treasury visited, the cash counted and compared with the treasurer's accounts, the deputy commissioner turns his face towards home. A veranda in the bungalow is full of black figures, dressed in their best of spotless cotton. They have come to 'pay their respects,' and rise like a covey of birds, while one of the orderlies, dressed in scarlet, kneels to dust his master's shoes." Among the throngs who had gathered to a tent-pegging entertainment given in their honor during a tour through the district, were some strolling performers,

"men with bears, monkeys, and goats, wrestlers and acrobats who seemed to have learnt the secret of the fourth dimension, and to have acquired the power of living in space in a condition of perpetual somersaulting. The performer who interested me most was a small boy who sang a song. He was a slight, graceful child of about fifteen, with a scarlet sash and turban. He climbed to the top of a pole, and a burly giant poised one end of the pole on his chin, with the child on the top. The man had a brass ring round his right ankle, with bells attached. As he jingled these and the drummer beat on his tom-tom, the boy stretched out his arms, and sang his song with upturned face. Indian music to my ears, as a rule, is only another name for discord. But this song had a haunting beauty of its own. It reminded me of the song I heard the Spanish gipsy sing in Granada. It was the voice of the spirit of loneliness, like the sound of the wind,

"'Wandering o'er the wastes of earth,
Sighing to the lonely stars of heaven.'

A song from the homeless hearts of outcasts."

The account of the administrative system and its special applications is not entertaining, but it is full of interest to one desirous of learning something of the secret of England's success in ruling the vast congeries of peoples of different races, languages, and religions known to us as India. Possibly this success is largely due to the fact "that in no country, except America and Great Britain and her colonies, is the individual so little interfered with by the Government." No kind of pressure, like the conscription, is put upon the Indian to be anything but what he pleases. He may profess what religion he likes, express any opinions; he enjoys the right of public meeting and can criticise the Government freely without fear of consequences. Then, again, the attitude of the Government towards its subjects is one of help and encouragement. Mrs. Wilson aptly compares the Government to "one of those Hindu idols stretching out its arms in every direction, and, like the idol, she is expected to appear upon all occasions as a fresh embodiment of benevolence." This dependence is, of course, often carried to absurd lengths, as when the railway station-master telegraphed to his superior: "Tiger on platform. Please arrange." The methods of procedure under the one uniform system of law now applied to every part of the country are explained at some length, and the benefits conferred upon the people by the canals, roads, and railways are dwelt upon with great satisfaction. On the other hand, it is frankly confessed that education is not yet sought for its own sake, but only as essential to entering the public service. The idea of setting up for themselves as doctors, engineers, or schoolmasters does not seem to have occurred to the educated natives. The number of Government places, however, is far smaller than that of the applicants for them, and much of the unrest and dissatisfaction which finds expression in the vernacular press and the "National Congress" comes from the unsuccessful scholars. Technical education is making some progress, as is that of women, an instance being given of a flourishing girls' school which was started by the people of a hill-village in the Punjab.

The principal failure of the English rule to better the condition of the people seems to lie in the land laws and the settlement of the farmers' debts to the money-lender. Land which was inalienable was suddenly made property which could be bought and sold, and the system by which usurers' claims were settled on a rude principle of equity by the village council was swept away and the letter of the bond enforced on the debtor. The consequence has been that the cultivator of land which had been the property of his ancestors for untold generations has too often become a homeless laborer. A partial remedy for this evil has been found in the Deccan Ryots Act, by which the peasants' interests are safeguarded as if they were minors. The act is in force in a district containing over three million people, and so beneficial has been its effect that in five years 10,000 mortgageors had redeemed their land and many of the money-lenders had given up their business.

The chapter upon caste is perhaps the least satisfactory in the book. Among the more unfamiliar facts stated are the countless number of castes, amounting to many hundreds in the Punjab alone, the frequent creation of new ones, and the possibility of passing from one to another. "The system, as a whole, is a curious mixture of rigidity and latitude, and might be compared to a prison whose windows are not altogether barred, and in which ladders, ropes, and other means of escape are to be found, of which the prisoners from time to time avail themselves, although their ambition may only be to exchange one thraldom for another which is held in better estimation."

Some reproductions of photographs, illustrative of native customs, add to the attraction of this interesting and instructive book.

Sir Samuel Baker: A Memoir. By T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White. Macmillan. 1895.

We can sum up our opinion of this work by saying that it is interesting but not satisfactory. It is interesting because Sir Samuel Baker was an uncommon man, thoroughly English, of splendid courage, coolness, and determination, a born hunter, traveller, and explorer—the sort of man whose restless energy and spirit of adventure have done so much to extend the boundaries of the British empire. The two great episodes of his life, his discovery of the Albert Nyanza and his governorship of the Egyptian Sudan, have both been described by himself and are enough to prevent his name from being soon forgotten. Even in mere every-day life what he said and did was often worth preserving, for it was everywhere affected by his strong personality. His biographers are distinctly competent, and have given us a book that is in many ways well written. Our quarrel with it and with them is, that we too often feel that they had another purpose in view besides writing the life of their hero. Baker, like other men of his stamp, was always in favor of resolute action for others as well as for himself, unmindful of opposition. Such men are more successful in carrying out the measures of a government than in inspiring them. Baker was full of patriotism, and also full of that spirit which many of a man's fellow-countrymen call patriotism, though when they find it in some foreigner at their expense they are apt to give it some less flattering name. In his zeal for the greatness of the British empire, Baker was always in favor of taking everything, no matter to whom it belonged, that might be useful to that greatness. In particular he looked upon England as the natural owner of Egypt. In short, he was a thoroughgoing Jingo. So, too, are his biographers That is no business of ours, but we wish they had kept their Jingoism out of this book. Again and again we are made to feel that the Life of Baker is hardly more than a stalking-horse for a political pamphlet, that his opinions on questions are brought up not so much on account of their intrinsic interest as to serve as arguments in favor of a certain policy. The running commentary heightens this impression. If in any case it strengthens the force of the arguments, it diminishes the value of the book as a memoir. The public does not gain by the exchange.

Still, we repeat that the work is altogether interesting and well written, even if unequally so. The world is being partitioned so fast that there will soon be no unknown regions left to explore, or even savage countries for civilized nations to appropriate. The histories of explorers, however, will always possess interest, and the greater names of this century, as of previous times, will not be forgotten. Although Baker's is hardly among the first of these names, it comes very soon among the second; and this is no mean title to fame.

Heine on Shakespeare: A Translation of his Notes on Shakespeare's Heroines by Ida Benecke. London: A. Constable & Co. Pp. 189.

The title of this handsome volume promises more than its contents fulfil. 'Shakespeares Mädchen und Frauen' is a feeble piece of hackwork, hastily put together at the instance of a publisher to accompany a set of engravings. These engravings, representing the heroines of Shakspere, had been published in England and France, and in preparing a German edition it was decided that a text should be supplied, as Heine himself says, "by a great author." The great author lent himself reluctantly to the task, impelled thereto largely by the consideration that if he did not, Tieck would. Contrary to his custom, Heine dictated the entire work. "Dictating is a bad business," he writes to Campe; "I have tried it (on some things they have teased me to write about Shakespeare), but the pregnant brevity and rich clearness of the style are lost." The book came out in 1839. Heine's conflict with the Suabian school and its allies was just at its height, and his new work did not strengthen his position. Gutzkow's remark "that this new and expensive publication of Heine's on Shakespeare's women will be a great consolation to his friends" was a malicious thrust. But the author was as well aware of the weakness of his performance as were his readers. "Between ourselves," he had written to

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Campe, "this is not a masterpiece, but still it is good enough for its purpose."

These notes are of the flimsiest texture, trifling, superficial, often commonplace; the spectres of the July Revolution play their irrelevant pranks in frequent political allusions, and the few eloquent passages and occasional flashes of wit cannot redeem the whole from its general dulness. Heine's dictation had, according to his own admission, injured the grace and vigor of his style; the translator has removed the last traces of those qualities, although she has made, on the whole, a faithful, business-like rendering. We have noticed only a few insignificant errors. The shortcomings of this translation may be seen at once if the reader will compare the opening paragraphs of the Introduction with the spirited version contained in William Stigand's English biography of Heine. This Introduction, beginning with the scathing and oft-quoted denunciation of Englishmen, "the most repulsive people that God in his anger ever created," is the most entertaining portion of the book.

The sum of our considerations is, that a translation of this unimportant work was in no wise needed. A passage from one of Heine's letters to Moser might serve as a motto: "I am not at my ease in Shakespeare's company; I feel only too keenly that I am not his peer; he is the all-powerful minister and I only a counsellor, and it seems as if he could dismiss me any minute."

Russian Fairy Tales. From the 'Skazki' of Polevoi. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Chicago: Way & Williams. 1895.

THE translator informs us, in his preface, that the twenty-four fairy tales which he presents to our notice are derived from P. N. Polevoi's volume, published in 1874. This contained about three dozen stories selected from the great collection of Afanasieff, softened down and manipulated for the use of nurseries. "With the single exception of 'Morozko,' a variant of which will be familiar to those who know Mr. Ralston's volume ['Russian Folk Tales']," he says, "none of these tales has seen the light in an English dress before." One has, however, but to compare these stories with the volume translated direct from Afanasieff's collection by Jeremiah Curtin to find a full reflection of the originals. Where changes have been made, it is often difficult to understand the reason for them. Naturally, the student of folk-lore will prefer Mr. Curtin's unimproved versions. It may be useful to some if we mention the tales from the two books in pairs:

BAIN.	CURTIN.
The Muzhichek-as-big-as-your-Thumb-with-Moustaches-seven-Versts-long.	Ivan, the Peasant's Son, and the Little Man Himself One Finger tall, his Mustache seven Versts in length.
The Little Feather of Fenist the bright Falcon.	The Feather of bright Finist the Falcon.
The Enchanted Ring.	The Ring with Twelve Screws.
Go I know not whither—fetch I know not what.	Go to the verge of Destruction, and bring back Shmat-Razum.

Bain's "Tzarevna Loveliness-Inexhaustible" will be found to contain features in Curtin's "The Water of Youth, Life, and Death," and in the first of the two stories which bear the title "Koschei without Death," "Two out of the Knapsack" is identical in subject and almost in matter with "Cudgel, Bestir Thyself," a Kashubian story in A. H. Wratislaw's 'Sixty Folk-Tales,' while "The Flying Ship" contains incidents nearly corresponding in character with those in the Bohemian story, "Long, Broad and Sharpsight," in the same collection by Wratislaw, and to folk-tales in other lands: "Gore-Gorinskoe" greatly resembles the version of that widespread tale which is to be found in Kirby's 'The Hero of Esthonia.'

All the stories are delightful, and the sly humor, even gentle sarcasm, of many among them prevents their becoming in the least wearisome, even to those who have passed the day of fairy tales, and who are not even students of folk-lore. But neither in this respect nor as regards their poetical qualities and their ingenuity of invention can they be compared to that remarkable collection of Estho nian Tales to which we have referred. One curious point about them is the manner in which whole paragraphs of phraseology and divers incidents have been taken from the Epic Songs, and incorporated with phrases and incidents which, obviously, did not come from a kindred source. The result is a composite structure which suggests opportunities for research. The hero of "Thomas Berennikov" brags in a way which would do credit to Diuk Stepanovitch of the Epic Songs; and this story, with that entitled "The Tale of Little Fool Ivan," offers the best instances of the type. The ancient legend of Perseus and Andromeda, or, rather, the queer version of it sung by the Russian Wandering Blind Psalm-Singers, will be recognized in "The Two Sons of Ivan the Soldier."

The book has six very satisfactory illustrations, and is charming in every way. We must take exception, however, to the definition of *kisel* as "a sourish meat-pottage." On the contrary, it is a very popular "fasting" dish, and is made from the juice of any sourish fruit which may be preferred, thickened with potato flour to about the consistency of blanc-mange, and served cold, at dessert.

In the Land of Lorna Doone. By William H. Rideing. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1895.

THIS little volume contains charming descriptions of widely different corners of England, some of which are well known to the wandering American, while others are removed from the beaten paths of travel. In the former category are Scarborough, Warwick, Kenilworth, and the various coaching trips out of London; in the latter, Cornwall and the "land of Lorna Doone"—being that part of North Devon which Mr. Blackmore's romance has invested with a peculiar interest. Mr. Rideing writes of these places with the accurate knowledge of a native, but with an eye to what is likely to attract the attention of the traveller who has left the Atlantic behind him. He visits Cornwall "with an umbrella," and wisely so, for in summer the warm winds from the Gulf Stream are constantly driving in masses of cloud, which "float over the languishing ears of corn or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest." He finds that three-fourths of the wonderful submarine tin mines which we have always been accustomed to associate with the idea of Cornwall, are suspended or abandoned, and the miners are now working in the mines of Pennsylvania or Lake Superior or Nevada. In other ways, too, things are not as they used to be. The English peasant, even in remote districts, is becoming accustomed to travelling strangers, and the old superstitions of the countryside are disappearing before the freer circulation and the more varied intercourse of this cycling age. But there are still nooks and corners of the little island that retain a pleasing flavor of mediæval life and manners, and to such places Mr. Rideing is an interesting and sympathetic guide.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, H. M. A Study of Death. Harpers. $1.50.
Andersen, H. C. Stories and Fairy Tales. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 50.
Arnold, Matthew. The Function of Criticism. With Pater's Essay on Style. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Atherton, J. M. Free-Silver Fallacies. Louisville, Ky.: *Evening Post* Co.
Atkinson, Philip. Electricity for Everybody: its Nature and Uses Explained. Century Co. $1.50.
Austin, Jane G. Standish of Standish. 2 vols. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Bain, R. N. Hans Christian Andersen: A Biography. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Baldwin, C. S. Specimens of Prose Description. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.
Baldwin, James. The Horse Fair. Century Co. $1.50.
Balzac, H. de. The Country Doctor. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Beeching, H. C. A Book of Christmas Verse. London: Methuen & Co.
Benson, Margaret. Subject to Vanity. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bicknell, Anna L. Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire. Century Co. $2.25.
Bok, Edward W. Successward: A Young Man's Book for Young Men. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Brewster, W. T. Specimens of Narration. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.
Brooks, E. S. A Boy of the First Empire. Century Co. $1.50.
Brooks, Noah. Washington in Lincoln's Time. Century Co. $1.25.
Champney, Mrs. E. W. Paddy O'Learey and his Learned Pig. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Cole, Timothy. Old Dutch and Flemish Masters. Century Co. $7.50.
Collins, Charles. Greenhouse and Window Plants: A Primer for Amateurs. Macmillan. 40 cents.
Comparetti, Prof. Domenico. Vergil in the Middle Ages. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Compton, Margaret. Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and Other American Indian Tales. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Coppens, Rev. Charles. A Brief Text-Book of Moral Philosophy. Catholic School Book Co.
Coues, Dr. Elliott. The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike. 3 vols. Francis P. Harper. $10.
Cox, Palmer. The Brownies through the Union. Century Co. $1.50.
Crane, Stephen. The Red Badge of Courage: An Episode of the American Civil War. Appletons. $1.
Creegan, Rev. C. C., and Goodnow, Mrs. J. A B. Great Missionaries of the Church. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Davidson, J. N. In Unnamed Wisconsin. Milwaukee, Wis.: Silas Chapman. $2.
Davidson, John. Sentences and Paragraphs. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Davis, H. McG. The City of Endeavor. Brooklyn: Collins & Day. 25 cents.
Dean, Bashford. Fishes, Living and Fossil. Macmillan. $2.50.
Dixon, T. S. E. Francis Bacon and his Shakspere. Chicago: Sargeant Publishing Co. $1.50
Dog Stories from the *Spectator*. Macmillan. $1.75.
Dr. Miller's Year Book. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Edwards, G. W. The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac. Century Co. $1.
Elliot, D. G. North American Shore Birds. Francis P. Harper.
Ellis, E. S. Jack Midwood: or, Bread Cast upon the Waters. Merriam Co. $1.25.
Fugette, Rev. J. P. Marriage a Covenant not Indissoluble. Baltimore: Cushing & Co.
George, H. B. Battles of English History. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Godard, Harlow. An Outline Study of United States History. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.
Goldsmith, Oliver. She Stoops to Conquer. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Goss, W. L. Jack Alden: A Story of Adventures in the Virginia Campaigns, '61-'65. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Harris, Prof. Charles. A German Reader for Beginners. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Hartland, E. S. The Legend of Perseus: A Study of Tradition in Story, Customs and Belief. Vol. II. London: David Nutt.
Holland, Clive. My Japanese Wife: A Japanese Idyll. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Hopkins, Tighe. Lady Bonnie's Experiment. Henry Holt & Co.
Hotchkiss, C. C. In Defiance of the King: A Romance of the American Revolution. Appletons. $1.
Kerr, Clara H. The Origin and Development of the United States Senate. Ithaca, N. Y.: Andrus & Church.
King, Anna E. Kitwyk Stories. Century Co. $1.50.
Lano, Pierre de. Napoleon III. The Secret of an Empire. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Lazarus, Miss Josephine. The Spirit of Judaism. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XLIV. Paston—Percy. Macmillan. $3.75.
Le Journal de la Belle Meunière. Paris: Dentu; New York: Brentanos. 75 cents.
Macnie, John. Elements of Geometry, Plane and Solid. American Book Co. $1.25.
Magruder, Julia. The Princess Sonia. Century Co. $1 25.
Marsh, Dr. Herbert. Two Seasons in Switzerland. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Mitchell, S. W. A Madeira Party. Century Co. $1.
Morris, J. Advance Japan: A Nation Thoroughly in Earnest. London: W. H. Allen & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Morrison, Sarah E. Chilhowee Boys in War Time. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

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Nadal, E. S. Notes of a Professional Exile. Century Co. $1.
O'Neill, Moira. The Elf-Errant. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Pyle, Howard. The Story of Jack Ballister's Fortunes. Century Co. $2.
Rehmke, Prof. Johannes. Lehrbuch der Allgemeinen Psychologie. Leipzig: Leopold Voss; New York: Gustav E. Stechert.
Shipton, Helen. The Herons. Macmillan. $1.
Smith, Goldwin. Oxford and her Colleges. Illustrated. Macmillan. $1.50.
Sprague, Rev. F. M. The Laws of Social Evolution. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.
Stearns, Albert Chris and the Wonderful Lamp. Century Co. $1.50.
Stokoe, Rev. T. H. Old Testament History for Junior Classes. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Swann, Annie S. Fettered yet Free. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Taylor, T. W., Jr. The Individual and the State. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.
Thayer, Rev. W. M. Turning Points in Successful Careers. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
The Bookman. Vol. I. Feb.—July, 1895. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Thomas, Prof. Calvin. A Practical German Grammar. Henry Holt & Co. $1.12.
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